

The American Girl

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, Editor

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We are proud of Troop 1, Pontiac, Illinois

First in Illinois with Their Troop Brick

How about yours? Get it in before Convention!

And

Watch for that Convention number of THE AMERICAN GIRL

"How adorable!" What every one says about our May cover.

"Things happen, all right." What a Girl Scout said about *The Clam Boy*, a May story by Jane Abbott

"How exciting!" What another said about the second installment of our serial, at which we let her "peek".

A Girl Scout Play by Our Own Mrs. Edey

Yes, really!

And

How to start a Nature Museum by the Head of the Children's Museum in Brooklyn; How Scouting has Helped Me in College by a Girl Scout Sophomore; another kind of fire; more outdoor cooking recipes.

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Betty secured 31 subscriptions in one month

*And now she has
a new idea*

When Betty Tonks came to THE AMERICAN GIRL and told us how easily she had gotten those thirty-one subscriptions, we asked her:

"Betty, don't you think the Girl Scouts would like to *earn money* for themselves by getting subscriptions to our magazine?"

"I think it would be great," Betty said, "Everything you buy with money you've earned seems lots nicer. And you'd be giving service to Scouting, too. Let's do it."

A New Club, "Earn-Your-Own"

That is the way our Earn-Your-Own Club was started. By this plan any Girl Scout can earn money. She can go to camp. She can buy the things a girl loves.

Join our Earn-Your-Own Club. What fun it is to "earn-your-own." Money you have earned yourself is doubly precious. If you earn your expenses for camp, every golden minute will be truly yours by right of having earned it. You will be helping Dad, too—Dad who does so much for you.

—TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY—

I wish to find out more about your plan. Please tell me how I can become a special American Girl Representative and earn my own money.

My name is

My address is



Betty Tonks—an all round Scout
Recently appointed a Lieutenant, Betty possesses the Scouting qualities of resourcefulness, energy, and cheerfulness

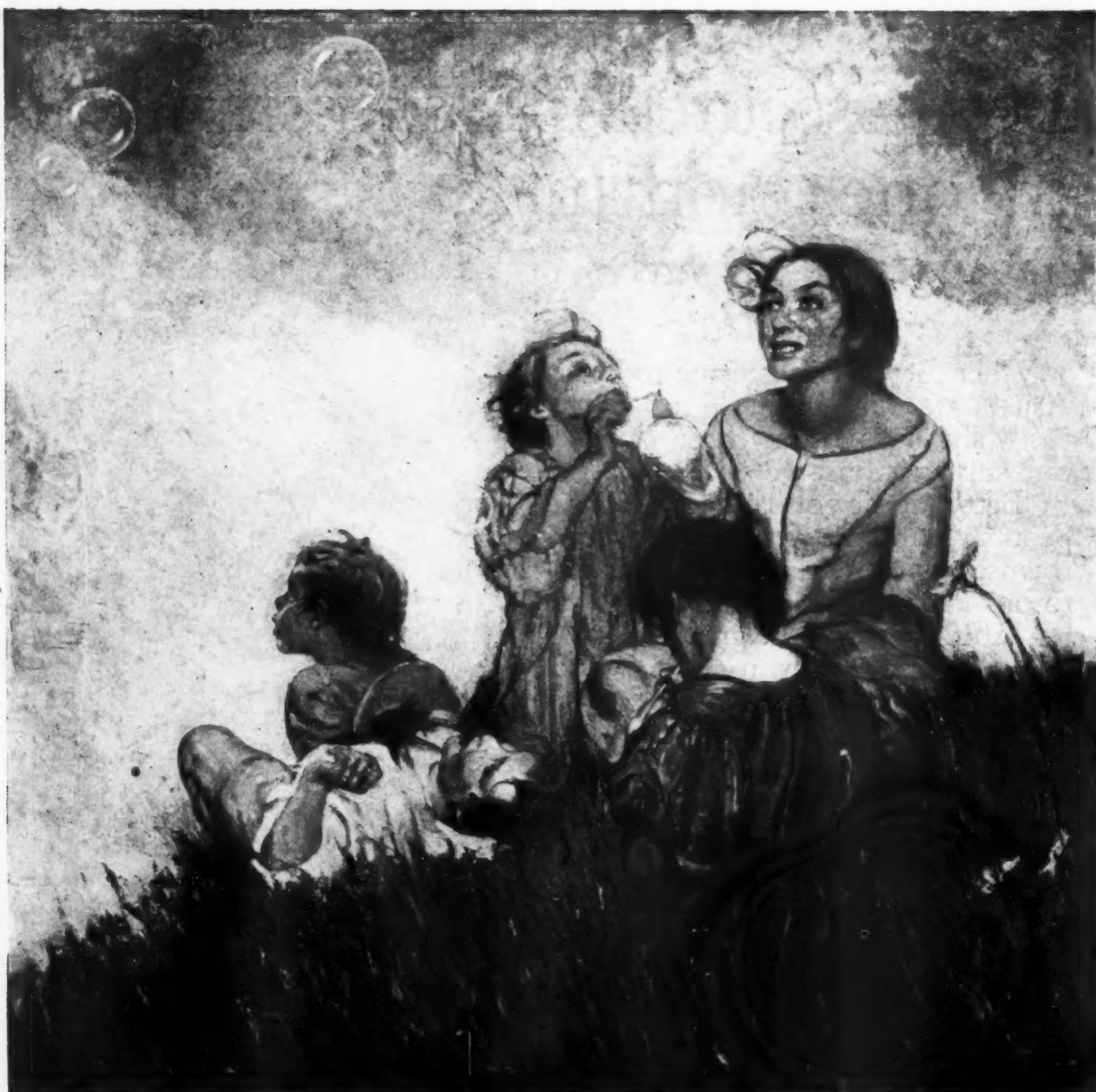
Be an "American Girl" Representative

Every girl joining our Earn-Your-Own Club will be appointed a special American Girl Representative. Write today to find out about it—how much you can earn, just what our plan is.

Earn-Your-Own Club

The American Girl

189 Lexington Avenue
New York City



From a painting by M. Jean McLane. Reprinted by courtesy of "The Survey"

Afternoon on a Hill

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down.

—From *Renaissance and Other Poems*.

The Story of "Little Burnt-all-over"

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

*With illustrations done by the author in the manner of
Indian tepee decorations*

LONG ago before the white man came, there was an Indian village at the south end of Lake Otsego; and in it there dwelt a young brave with his wife and little daughter, their only child. He was a good hunter, she was a good woman, and their little girl made their happiness complete.

The child was well educated as her people understood it. She could make a fish-net; she could set them in the lake and catch an abundance of fish; she could split and dry them for winter use; she could gum and paddle a canoe; she could follow the broken twigs to where her father had killed a deer; she could skin it, cut it up and bring it home; she could tan the hide into buckskin; she could make of it war coats and moccasins; she could embroider them with porcupine quills dyed red with miscawa and yellow with puccoon; she could make vessels of birch bark; she could keep the lodge in order; she could dance, she could sing, she knew the legends of her people; and last of all she was a good cook.

The child was very happy in her home life, and especially in the summer evenings when the mother would take her to sit on the western ridge and watch the wonder of the sunset. There with His power and glory before them, the mother would tell of the Great Spirit and of His unfailing care for all His children. The little girl listened with all the reverent tensy of her nature, gazing at the skies, while both her small hands rested in her mother's, silent, but sometimes asking some childish question to which the mother replied with a legend of the older folk.

As they sat one night there was a sunset of such splendor that both were hushed and awed.

"Why is it so wonderful tonight, mother?"

"It is a sign of great happening soon to come, my child."

Long they gazed in silence, then as the brightness faded there came on from the East, a great veil of purple across the sky.

"What is that, mother?" said the child as she looked.

"That, my child, is the purple robe of the Great Spirit."

Then, after a pause the little one, both childlike and womanlike, said, "Mother, shall I ever have a purple robe?"

"Yes, my child, when your spirit is great, then indeed you shall have a purple robe."

As the color grew deeper and hid the light, the stars came out like points of white fire.

"What are those, Mother?" she asked.

"Those, my little one, are the wampum beads on the robe of the Great Spirit."

She gazed for a little while, then girl-like and lightly said, "Mother, shall I have wampum beads on my purple robe, when it comes?"

"Yes," said the mother gravely, "I think you will have many, many big bright beads of wampum on your robe."

As the child pondered these sayings, the mother continued, "Listen, dear one, the voices have made it plain to me, that I am to be taken away from you very soon. You are going to be left alone, and such sorrows and trials will be yours as never woman of our people has known. But remember this, you must meet them in a spirit of fortitude and meekness, that they may pass away. If you meet them in anger and rebellion, they will come again and again, till the hard lesson is learned, till you have met them in patience and silent fortitude; then indeed you shall overcome them, and you shall see them no more, except that each will become a bead of wampum upon your robe. And such honor and joy shall be yours as woman of our tribe never has known."

There were tears in the mother's eyes as she silently watched the last bars of splendor dying in the West. Both were silent for a long time, then they rose in the twilight, and went back to make ready the evening meal at the lodge.

Just a little while after this, the mother went out in her canoe to haul the nets; the north wind rose suddenly on the long treacherous ice-cold lake, and the mother never came back.

Now the little girl was left with her father. After the first sharpness of their grief was passed, they settled down and were not uncomfortable, for the girl could do all things well, the lodge was clean, her father's clothes in good fettle, his war bonnet was beautifully decked and the food was well-cooked.

But he was a young man. He did not wish to live alone. He desired a wife.

Now it chanced that in the village was a young



widow who had two daughters. She was comely and so the young warrior went to her and said:

"Will you be my woman? I will be your man."

Then the widow said, "Yes". So they were married, and she came with her two daughters to live in the lodge of the hunter with his own little girl.

The child of the hunter was younger than either of the step-sisters, and they were not bad girls. But the little one was a better cook than either of them, so they let her do the cooking. She could make better moccasins than they could, so they got her to make their moccasins. The step-sisters were not bad, only a little lazy. And having begun to give way to it they became more lazy, and then unkind. The father did not see what was going on in his lodge; indeed he was much away, and the step-mother was careful, while he was home, to keep him from seeing that his own child was little more than a drudge.

One day the father went with a great war party against the Hurons in Canada, and he never came back.

Now indeed this family was in a hard case with their hunter gone, and none near of kin to help them. One might have thought that the sorrows would have brought the family together in closer ties of real affection. But it had the opposite effect, they became bitter with each other, and especially with the little girl. At one time they had done some of the work, the second step-sister did help a little with the meals, but now they became lazier as well as bitter; they made the little one bring their breakfasts to bed, and if she was at all slow, or did not please them, they thought little of beating her with a stick. Sometimes the handiest stick was one already burning in the fire. Yet they would beat her with that, so that she was covered with little burns on her face, head, neck and arms; and from this she got the only name she ever heard now—little Burnt-all-over.

Oftentimes she could not keep from screaming in pain, and the neighbors would come to ask what it was about; then the cruel stepmother would say, "Oh, it's that little fool; she has no sense at all; she has fallen into the fire again. Look at her; she is a disgrace with all her little scarburns."

Sometimes the neighbors gave them a haunch of venison, but nearly all that they ate now was fish hard won by little Burnt-all-over from the lake, corn from a tiny patch, and berries and roots that she gathered in the woods. She knew nothing of kindness or joy. Her life was one long slavery repaid with cruel unkindness.

She had but one solace in it all. At sundown she would sometimes slip away from the lodge, and sit on the ridge, as she used to sit with her mother, and watch the symbol of the Great Spirit go down in gold and glory, and remember that in that was proof that the brightness should come again, and when the purple robe was laid across the sky and the wampum beads were shining, her mother's words came back. "Such sorrow and toil shall be yours as woman of our tribe has never known. But meet them with patient fortitude, and they will pass away. You shall see them only as beads of wampum on your robe, when your trial is over, and such honor and glory shall be yours as woman never before hath known."

This thought ever strengthened her, and she went back to her life of cruel drudgery, without complaint.

Four years went by. She was now sixteen, a marriage-



able woman according to the way of her tribe. Her silent fortitude had filled her great eyes with a lustrous splendor, and her mouth always beautiful, had now a gentleness and a strength that told of the tried and proven soul within. Her figure always supple, was womanly and graceful now.

But the sisters had eaten up their own beauty with their evil thoughts and repinings, and their girlish forms grown gross with idleness. The step-mother was hideous.

Then there came into the village a rumor that set them all astir, with eager curiosity. It was said, yes openly told in council that the King of the Snow Peaks was coming, the greatest Chief in all the Earth was coming, coming in all his power. He was coming on into their village to seek a wife.

Then every marriageable woman, maid or widow, wondered what she might do to win for herself this coveted position, the honor of being wife to the greatest chief on earth.

And many laid awake at night planning and hoping and yet knowing nothing but the rumor.

But one morning when they arose, behold a wonderful sight. At the end of the lake there was a new lodge that had not been there before. It was of great size and dazzling whiteness. Then it was whispered this surely is the lodge of the King of the Snow Peaks. Yes, everything seemed to say that that was the Great Chief's lodge.

Then the step-mother said to the eldest daughter, "Now is your chance." She took her to the spring where they made their toilets. They put on her all the best clothing they had. With the help of the young step-sister they hung on her dress all the elks' teeth and shell beads they could get. They greased her hair: till it shone and painted her cheeks each with a large spot of red; then on the parting of hair, the mother painted a bright red streak. Then she said, "Oh, my child, you are beautiful, if he sees you, you will surely win his heart."

So, full of hope and pride, the big fat daughter went round the lake to the big white lodge. On the doorflap she scratched with her long nail, for one does not knock at a lodge. It was opened by an old, old woman with kind eyes and a wrinkled face. Then the girl said, "Mother, is this the lodge of the King of the Snow Peaks?"

"Yes, my child," was the answer. "This is my son's lodge."

"Is he in, mother?"

"No, my child, but he is coming. I expect him any moment, he is coming into this village to seek a wife; and that woman shall be his wife who first shall see him as he really is."

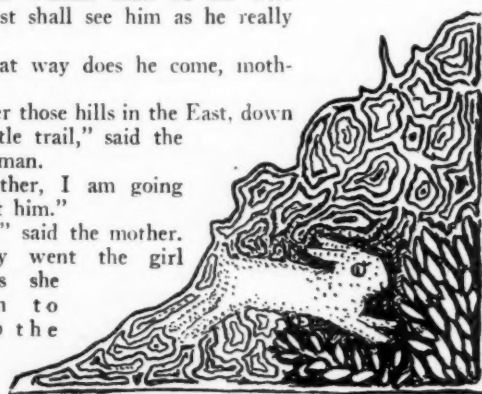
"What way does he come, mother?"

"Over those hills in the East, down that little trail," said the old woman.

"Mother, I am going to meet him."

"Go," said the mother.

Away went the girl and as she began to climb the



trail, she saw at the top against the sky a tall young hunter striding along. He had an eagle feather in his hair, and in one hand he carried the bow and arrow of a hunter, but in the other he had a thong by which he led two dogs.

The girl gazed till he was so close that it was rude; then she slipped aside, and looked on the ground. As soon as he had passed, she turned quickly to look, but he had disappeared.

She ran quickly to the lodge, and when the old woman opened the flap she said, "Mother, I saw your son."

"Did you, and what did he look like?"

"Oh, mother, a tall splendid young chief with an eagle feather in his hair that fluttered in the wind."

"What did he have in his hand, daughter?"

"The bow and arrows of a hunter."

"And in the other hand?"

"Why, mother, he had two great hunting dogs."

"What did he lead them with?"

"I think it was a rawhide thong, mother."

Then the old woman said, "No, that was not my son, you didn't see my son," and she flapped back the lodge flap.

Then the girl went away weeping bitterly, for she knew that she had failed.

Her mother heard the story, and said, "Well, it may be that this great honor is reserved for your sister." So the next morning they took the sister to the spring, and put all the best clothes on her and spangled her skirt with elks' teeth and shells. They painted her cheeks with two great red spots and on her chin they drew three red lines as well as the line down her head between her braids of hair, and they hung a bunch of white shells on the end of each long braid. Then they greased her hair till it shone. And the mother looked on her with pride for she was more comely than her sister.

She was not gross and had not been so cruel. And the mother said, "My child, you are beautiful. If only he sees you, you are sure to win."

So the thin girl went to the white lodge, and scratched with her finger. When the old woman came, she said, "Mother, is this the lodge of the Great King of the Snow Peaks?"

"Yes, my child, this is my son's lodge."

"Is he in?"

"No, but he is coming soon. He comes down that trail on the eastern hills."

"Mother, I am going to meet him."

"Go."

So the thin girl began to climb up the trail on the eastern hills. Then at the top she saw a tall chief come walking. He had three feathers in his hair, and he led two great hunting dogs as he strode in the full vigor of manhood. She gazed at him

as he came towards her. She knew it was he. She took in all the details of his dress till he was so near it was rude to look. Then she stepped aside and looked on the ground. As soon as he had passed, she turned to gaze, but he had disappeared. There was nothing, only the lodge looked a little brighter.

She ran to the lodge, and when the old woman came to the door, she said eagerly, "Mother, I saw your son. I saw the King of the Snow Peaks."

"Did you, and what did he look like?"

"Oh, mother, a tall splendid war chief with three eagle feathers in his hair and they waved in the wind as he strode along."

"What had he in his hand?"

"The bow and arrows of a hunter, mother."

"What in the other hand?"

"He was leading two great black hunting dogs, mother."

"What did he lead them with?"

"I think, mother, it was rawhide thong."

"What had he on his brow, daughter?"

"Mother, it was a wampum band. I noticed it carefully."

Then the old woman said gruffly and shortly. "No, it was not my son, you never saw my son at all," and she flapped the lodge-flap on her face.

Then the thin sister went home bitterly weeping to tell her mother that she also had failed. So the mother and her two daughters wept together. Then they chanced to see little Burnt-all-over was there sewing. They did not want her to know, or to see their humiliation, so the mother said to her furiously, "Get out of this, you good-for-nothing" and she reached for a big stick.

So the child escaped out of the lodge, and went up on the ridge where alone she was at peace; and as she sat there, the sun went down in all the glory of the great spirit. And when the purple robe was drawn across never before had it seemed so wonderful as now,

and the wampum beads came out brighter, more beautiful and nearer than ever she had seen them.

Thoughts of her mother came as blessing and strength, and her mother's last words of promise "When you have overcome your sorrows, when your time of trial is past, such honor and joy shall be yours as never woman of our tribe has known." As she gazed, the purple robe seemed coming nearer, and then into her heart came the thought "Maybe that time is now."

So she rose up in the morning before the others were astir, and went down to the spring. She had no paint to put on her face, but she washed it clean. She had no elks' teeth for her robe, but she had it neatly mended. She knew it would look better with shell dangles, but

(Continued on page 26)





Introducing our new Serial. The Patriot

By EMILIE BENSON

Illustrations by EDITH

SUSAN BREAKFASTS entered her grandfather's door, her cheeks flushed and eyes winking fast to keep the tears from overflowing, her dignity as a maid in her teens forbidding that she should weep in public.

She put away her lesson book with the care due so precious a possession, took off her ruffled apron to replace it with a coarse cotton pinafore and went, with lagging steps, to see what help she could give her grandmother who was busy in the kitchen baking buns for their evening meal.

"The cloth is already laid but thou mayst set the table, Susan Breakfasts," that lady said briskly. "I hope thee suffered no punishment that thou art come so late from the teaching."

"Nay, I wear the medal," Susan Breakfasts displayed a disk of silver, once a thrippenny bit but now hammered thin and pierced, to be hung from a necklet of blue tape.

Her grandmother's sharp brown eyes noted that there was none of the usual prideful joy in the possession of this reward for excellence in learning and behavior and she was in two minds whether to speak further of the matter or to let it pass. But she was a direct and forceful woman not accustomed to holding her tongue from motives of policy, so she pressed her point.

"With that to thy credit why creep home late, red-eyed, and shame-faced, as if thy hand had felt the ruler?"

Susan Breakfasts hung her head, a lump in her throat holding her speechless the while she drew circles with her toe on the floor of the kitchen, which was sanded and had already been patterned with the broom in a way since forgotten by housewives.

"Speak up nor stand there marring my handicraft," her grandmother admonished her sharply. "Thou hast naught to feel shame for, Susan Breakfasts?"

"Nay, but I have," the girl said well-nigh tearfully. "And thou hast said it—but not as others do. 'Tis my name shameth me."

"Indeed then, mistress, 'tis a name none ever felt shame for before!" her grandmother cried hotly, the name in question being her own.

"Not as we say it," Susan Breakfasts agreed, "but the children do not call it 'Braasts' after the old world fashion. They pronounce each syllable, as we are taught in school. And they make rhymes about it: silly rhymes to shout after me as I take the footpath. Today it was:

*Let Susan rise before the sun
She'll still be late,
For Susan Breakfasts Donne."*

At her grandmother's outraged tone Mistress Donne was put to it to suppress a smile which she knew would sorely hurt the girl's feelings.

"'Tis not very mannerly for them to shout after thee. I shall make complaint of their incivility to Dame Truman," she promised.

"I pray thee do not," Susan Breakfasts interrupted, feverishly clasping and unclasping her hands, "'t would only set my schoolmates on to do in malice what they now do without thought. Moreover Dame Truman knoweth of it already and craveth permission to lop off the name 'Breakfasts' from my entry in my books."

"And to that I will never consent!" Grandmother bristled at the suggestion. "'Tis a very honorable name,



Maid, and those who will play the leading roles

and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

BALLINGER PRICE

borne by my grandmother and I know not how many before her. Moreover a baptismal name is not lightly to be trifled with, as though it were a thing of no moment. Instead, let Dame Truman see to it that her charges respect it."

Susan Breakfasts turned away with a heartfelt sigh and set about her usual tasks, being too well instructed in her duty to her elders to attempt further protest. She was a shy and sensitive girl, undersized for her fourteen years and considered delicate. At home her mother had watched over her tenderly, shielding her from all rough contact. So it was that the mere entry into a new school had been an ordeal unsuspected by her grandmother, and the rough, albeit good-humored ridicule Susan Breakfasts's name drew down upon her, rankled as it would not have done had she a less tender upbringing and been taught the hardihood to turn upon her tormentors with a jest to cap theirs at her expense.

It was plain to her now that she was not to have the relief from this teasing that she craved and, not for the first time, she wished herself back home at Quibbletown with her father and mother and little brothers and sisters, even though the hated Hessians were quartered in the very house and had made careful lists of every article in it with the intention of carrying all of value away with them when they left.

The expected coming of the British and their foreign hirelings had been the primary reason for dispatching her in haste to her father's mother, on top of a wagon load of her own mother's most valued possessions. It was hoped that at Freehold she would be spared the knowledge of some of the hardships and trials of this cruel

war that had so suddenly crossed the Hudson and spread over northern Jersey, while Quibbletown, which was near to Middlebrook and New Brunswick and their highways, could not count upon escaping invasion.

This good school at Freehold was another argument for sending Susan Breakfasts there, and in addition, in the minds of both her mother and father, was the unspoken thought that their daughter, young as she was, would be some company for Mother Donne should it become necessary for men of the age of her husband to rally to the aid of General George Washington's army.

And in fact the very thing they had anticipated had come to pass, for Grandfather Donne had shouldered his old gun and gone to join the Patriot forces, then retired across the Delaware, being thoroughly ashamed of his fellow Jerseymen who were flocking to Perth Amboy to Colonel Enoch Markham, to sign their declaration of loyalty to the English King and receive in exchange certificates supposed to assure their lives and possessions. Scarce more than a month later, as quietly as he had gone, Grandfather came home again, oiled his gun, set it in its accustomed corner—and life flowed on as before.

His little granddaughter knew that the proud English had been taught a lesson, for the old man chuckled more than once over their search for boats along the shores of the Delaware, where every craft for forty miles had been sunk out of sight or taken over to General Washington.

"Those stupid Hessians stopped me on my way to join our army," he told his eager listeners. "They asked me question after question, and I gave them simple but deluding answers. King George's dear-bought soldiery

are such sorry woodsmen that every creature within a mile had news of their coming, and I could have avoided them with ease had I been so minded; but 'twas my purpose to learn what I could of our enemies strength and carry the information to our leaders. Be sure I had hid my gun in a hollow tree on their approach and when they came upon me they found naught save an old wood-cutter, gathering faggots for his winter's burning. They ne'er suspected a soldier neath my 'coon-skin cap and homespun."

He stretched himself in his chair, his bright blue eyes twinkling like a boy's in appreciation of his successful deception.

"Wert not frightened to see their fierce faces?" Susan Breakfasts asked childishly.

Her grandfather chuckled at such a thought.

"Nay," he assured her, "for the most part they are fat and good-natured looking enough. Even the Hessians are but men like to the rest of us. Their grand coats can't put heart into them to fight a quarrel that is none of theirs. Mighty thieves they are, that is their worst trouble, scorning naught in the way of plunder. 'Tis there they excel, not in battle. Their officers, who have wagons to load with valuables, get the most of their takings; and the men are forced to put up with such silver as they can hide about their persons, unless they steal horses to carry goods with them on their marches."

"That's the way of it, is it?," Grandmother struck in. "It hath been a mystery to me how they could clean out a whole house leaving it as bare as the carcass of a picked chicken."

"Aye, that's the way of it," Grandfather answered grimly. "'Tis said the officers pay the men a bounty for information of valuables they are unable to handle themselves, and I can well believe it, for I was one of those who saw to the return of the spoil they had loaded on their army wagons at Trenton."

"Was there much of solid worth?" Grandmother, womanlike, was interested in this tale of others' gear.

"'Twould have surprised thee!" Grandfather tapped out his pipe upon his heel and blew through the stem. "They took the pewter of the poor as readily as the silver of the well-to-do. There were woman's shifts and men's shirts; fine homespun tablecloths and piece linen; they had e'en taken stock-

ings in cotton and wool for women as well as men; and one big lubber had a child's doll-baby stuffed inside a Delft tankard and carried a cradle on his back."

"The wretches!" exclaimed the housewife, her sympathy going out to those other women, like herself, who had been so despoiled. "What use in such gear to men on the march?"

"'Tis saleable," her husband replied, "as are the silver mugs and spoons they had stolen in plenty. The township of Hopewell, which had been stripped clean, turned out to a man when they heard Washington was to brave the river. Their wrongs nerved them to tasks that, in that sleet storm, seemed more than mortal. They scarce made a sound as they hauled our great Durham boats through the shallows. In sooth, mother, there was something awesome in it. It was as if spirits coaxed the horses down the shaky-landing-stages, turned the stiff wheels of our cannon, and flitted ahead of us to spy out the Hessian pickets. Later, these hardy Patriots had their reward; for when the fighting at Trenton was over we had taken nigh a thousand hireling soldiers and their spoil."

"So it came about that the farmers of Hopewell carried back with them their fire-irons and such other goods as had been seized away from them when our enemy passed through their villages."

"Good lack!" exclaimed Grandmother, "had the rascals left the women and children to freeze through the winter's cold?"

Grandfather nodded his answer to this as he relit his pipe with a coal from the fire.

"I'm glad thou helped to get those poor folk back their goods," Susan Breakfasts spoke softly, "but, oh, Grandfather, a battle must be fearsome—"

"Run thou to bed, my poppet," her grandfather told her kindly, "taking no silly notions with thee to mar thy slumber. There was not so much as one of ours killed in this great battle of Trenton, and but four wounded, two officers and two men, and those four were as merry as grigs when last I saw them."

"Now that makes me right happy," the girl cried, and went obediently up the narrow stair to her room under the roof.

"Thou art overfond of that child, Enoch," his wife said (Cont. on page 28)



"The branch Susan carries was to be our signal. Pussywillows in tassel were to warn us"

"Off beyond the living room and dining room were the old-redwoods"

THE loveliest spot I ever camped in?

Ah, that is so easy to remember. Of all the hundreds I have loved, there is still one which stands forth in my memory without a challenger even. And although it is twenty years since I have seen it, every detail of its charm is as clearly cut in my memory as it was on the day after we last left it. My camp-trained imagination today can take me there in one moment from the smoky city almost as completely as the old buckboard and cayuse ponies did in fact.

For it was forty miles by mountain buckboard and then many miles by saddle from the nearest picturesque little half-

Spanish western town. Forty miles swinging behind four horses on the narrow road out on the protruding headlands with the pine-covered heights rising above us and the blue sea pounding into white foam on the rocks many hundreds of feet below, and then far back into the redwood canons to find a contour on which the road could make the turn without building an expensive bridge, and then out to another headland until finally the last steep climb of a few thousand feet brought us up to the old ranch houses lying on a sunny slope of the mountain overlooking the sea and canons innumerable.

Here the saddle and pack ponies and mules awaited us, little wiry western mules, almost burros, so different from the big ones of the east. Off over the mountains we pushed, the first miles ever going up and yet further up over great, rolling, golden, grassy slopes and around rugged, scrub-oak covered pinnacles, with the sea ever drifting further away behind us and new peaks rising before and new networks of canons unfolding on either side. Warm work it was as one went leisurely on up the well marked trail, singing under the hot afternoon sun. And then suddenly the heat was gone, the trail dipped definitely down into one of the deep, cool, luscious canons, as though to say, "The day is going. These barren heights are no place to bed for the night. We will descend to cosy comfort."



Our Loveliest Camp

By LOU HENRY HOOVER

The vegetation grew closer and ranker, the shadows longer, grass and herbs became green instead of gold, flowers bloomed on the water-filled plants. The incense of baking pine boughs and drying wild buckwheat fields and sage was changed to the smell of moist fern banks and the cool pungency of redwood boughs and bay trees. And with each sharp turn of the downward zigzag trail came clearer the murmur and then the chatter and then the clatter of a tossing mountain stream. It was bound to be a stream containing a good supper for us and we would not go far along its course until we found a welcome camp site.

There would be a little meadow or a few steep steps of rank grass, enough for the horses for one night, and a nice open spot for the camp-fire, with convenient rocks to make its back and sides and little cooking appurtenances, and a fallen pine tree handy for fire wood. And numbers of pine or redwood trees would be nearby whose drifted needles would have prepared perfect mattresses for our blankets. Perhaps we might find vines covered with delicious blackberries on the further sunny slope or a few great thimble-berries like giant delicate raspberries that melted in our mouths as we thought to eat them.

Such a happy night the first night always was! Finding where everything was packed, getting the routine for the trip established, usually the fun of breaking in some tenderfoot, gasping with delight as each old remembered joy became a reality again, and thinking with wriggling glee that it was not going to stop for ever *and ever* so long!

There was always one night of course when we did not reach the canon we were making for. Perhaps one of the horses had got a stone caught in his shoe and nearly an hour must be spent in the process of getting it out. Another horse had slipped his pack in some way, and many valuable minutes would be spent in rehitching his diamond hitch. (Ah, there is a series of knots for the Girl Scout to learn!) Then we took the wrong trail.



"A nice open spot for our camp-fire"

They were so faint and little used far back here that one had to be wary of them—only an occasional cowboy riding the farthest ranges for strayed cattle ever came this way. And so we had to camp that night where there was only a little muddy trickle of water, which necessitated digging a hole for it to run into and settle for the horses to drink. We must arrange, too, that the cleanest little trickle of all should run into a bucket for ourselves even then deciding that it must be boiled before we might drink it.

It was windy and cold that night, and so much dry grass grew sparsely about that there must be much caution used and only the tiniest fire. Even then the wood was all too green and had to be carried some distance and much coaxed. There was no really flat ground and what there was was so stony that no one found a satisfactory bed. And no matter what time you were awake in the night, you heard some one fishing out more rocks from underneath, trying to get a passable soft place. Nevertheless with the sunny morning every one was cheerful again and off we were from the Camp of Unhappy Vicissitudes as soon as we could all get fed and packed up.

And then one evening came the loveliest camp of them all! For an hour toward the close of a perfect afternoon we had been wandering leisurely down a wonderful canon, not a steep, wild, ragged one, but a gentle, open, alluring inviting one. The trail rose and fell over easy grades beside a laughing stream that so sang as it went that you knew the cowboys always sang as they cantered down. And we sang ourselves, the nearest thing to Girl Scout songs that we had in those days. The canon walls were high but so placed that hours of sunshine drifted in each day.

Suddenly the leader halted and his appraising eye swept the opposite bank. It was not beauty alone he was gauging, but domestic convenience as well. Under a picturesque group of tan-bark oaks a sunspattered grassy flat lay just above the water's level, with a gently sloping bed of gravel coming down to its edge. The stream was big for those parts, meaning that while one could always wade it for fishing, one was nevertheless put to it ever to find a way across dry shod. Big enough it was for laundering and horse drinking and washing, and there would be sure to be a swimming hole within easy distance.

But oh, joy for the camp, dashing over the brink of the canon wall was a tempestuous tiny brook, just small enough to be leaped in a single bound, and dashing over the rocks in the sun making the most ideal source for drinking and cooking water. On beyond the little oak

flat was a scattered group of enormous redwoods, towering into the white clouds of the blue sky, they seemed. The sunshine lay across their bases at that moment, assuring that the needles, piled feet deep beneath them in the layers of centuries, would be dry and pungent. Green lilac, and sheeny red-barked madrone and manzanita with the ferns thick about their roots climbed up the steep mountain-side beyond the redwoods. Every one gasped in admiration at the perfect composition.

"Do you want to try stopping here?" asked our leader. And at the unanimity of acquiescence, "Well, Jake, you go down the canon a little. You'll be sure to find feed for the horses soon. And, Will, suppose you go a way up that branch we passed a hundred rods back and see what's up there."

Off our ponies the rest of us all tumbled, and tied or left them as their temperaments demanded. And each person started for what most interested him or her in a camp. Plenty of feed was shortly found in both directions, so our location was assured. And all reconnoitering brought forth new treasures of the place. Soon unpacking was going on apace.

The grassy oak flat shortly became living-room and dining-room combined. The kitchen lay just beside it, at the lower edge of the gravel beach which could be used for the washing-up pantry. While the tiny streamlet just coming by at right angles furnished the clear

(Continued on page 32)



"There would be sure to be a swimming hole within easy distance"

The Unhappy Echo

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the Author

ONCE upon a time there was an Echo that lived at the other end of a lake. At *this* end of the lake were a lot of summer camps, but at the other end there was nobody at all but the Echo, and it lived all alone in its own little house. It was a round, small Echo, quite soft and fuzzy, and it looked as though it ought to be happy—but it wasn't. It had a nice house, with stepping-stones that led down to the lake, and a chimney, and ever so many bright shiny pots and pans, and a bed stuffed entirely with milkweed seeds, but it wasn't happy. It had a pine-cone fire on cold nights, and a window that looked away among the trees to the sunset, and a cupboard full of little green dishes, and a pet frog on a lily-pad under the kitchen window—but still it wasn't happy.

It was sad for lots of reasons. One was that it never could speak until somebody at the other end of the lake said something; but it was used to that. Another was that it could never go far away, for fear that it wouldn't be there to answer when somebody shouted. Then all the people would have said, "My goodness! What's become of the Echo?" and professors would have come paddling over in canoes to find out. This would have been terrible. But the Echo was used to staying at home, too. The biggest reason for its being sad was that the people shouted such cross, stupid, selfish, lazy horrid things at one another, which the poor little Echo had to shout back, and it *never* could get used to that.

It was such a bother, too. Perhaps the Echo might just have put its supper on the table—a nice, hot loaf of acorn bread, and a cup of milkweed milk, and a thimble-berry pie—and be sitting down to eat it, when some little boy at the other end of the lake would yell: "Aw, watcha tryin' to do?" and the poor Echo would have to jump up with its mouth full, and put its head out of the door, and shout: "Aw, watcha tryin' to do?" Sometimes it even had to get out of its warm little milkweed bed to answer people who came out in canoes in the moonlight and shrieked and yodded—just to see if the Echo could do it. Of course it could—it had to—but it would get up rather cross the next morning from having lost so much sleep.

Now at the other end of the lake where the people lived, there was a Brownie. Not a really-truly, sure-enough, fairy Brownie, but a little girl who was trying to be as much like one as ever she could. Her magic name was Silvertoes, and she was a Sixer, at that. Her Pack was scattered, for of course it was summer-time, but she found plenty of magic surprises to do, never fear. Feeding birds and bunnies, and setting the table before anybody was supposed to be awake, and untangling her daddy's fishing-line that he thought would never be the same again, and bailing out the boat before breakfast—and oh, ever so many things!

One afternoon she was exploring through a little path in the woods, trying to find again a fairy toadstool ring in a wee mossy glade, where she had been the day before. She thought it seemed much farther than last time. And then she saw that she was not on the right

path at all, and getting rather trees. She had she was almost of the lake.

Silvertoes tried Brownies are and she ran woods. back and aside, but were only

making way for her. All at once she saw a little curl of blue smoke among the trees, and she was certainly Scout enough to know that where there's smoke there's fire and probably somebody who made it.

Then she almost tumbled against a little house—oh, much, much smaller than a camp; so small that to go through its door Silvertoes, who was only eight, had to duck her head. But she knocked before she went in, and the door was opened by a little round fuzzy something who looked quite as surprised as she did. It had on an apron and held a frying-pan in its hand. In the frying-pan was an oak-apple fritter cooked in honey. In spite of her surprise, Silvertoes remembered to be polite, so she said:

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?" said the little thing, who, of course, was our friend, the Echo.

"Who are you?" asked Silvertoes.

"Who are you?" asked the Echo.

"Well," thought the little girl, "I'll tell it first, if it likes. Why, I'm a Brownie."

"A Brownie!" repeated the Echo in some astonishment.

"Trying to be one," explained Silvertoes. "I declare, you sound just like an Echo!"

"An Echo," it assured her, nodding in a pleased way and pointing to its furry little self.

"Well!" said Silvertoes, "How funny! May I come in a minute and sit down?"

"Sit down!" said the Echo cordially, putting down the pan and pulling up a little chair made of hickory shoots with the bark on. Silvertoes fitted into it rather tightly.

"You see," she told her host, "I got lost."

"Lost?" said the Echo sympathetically.

"And I don't know how I'll ever find the way back."

"The way back," the Echo told her, pointing out the door to a clear little path which suddenly seemed to have opened through the woods.

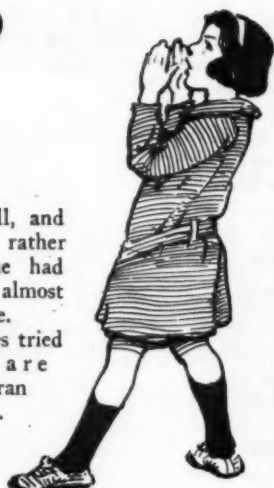
"Why, so it is!" cried the Brownie. "It looks perfectly easy."

"Perfectly easy," agreed the Echo.

"Oh," said Silvertoes, "I *do* wish I had something to eat!"

She hadn't meant it to sound so very much like a hint. It was just that she suddenly realized how hungry she was.

But, "Eat!" said the Echo pleasantly, pointing to the



that the sun was low behind the come so far that at the other end

to remember that never frightened, on through the Branches snapped things jumped she felt sure they startled fairies

table which it had set for supper just before the little girl knocked. Silvertoes ran and helped the little thing put another green cup and plate on the table. The Echo brought in a fat jug of milkweed milk and a pat of yellow butter from a cold pool at the edge of the lake and they sat down.

"Oh, but it looks good!" Silvertoes said hungrily.

"Good," the Echo agreed, smiling, as it picked up the carving-knife.

Just as they had begun to eat, there was a sound of loud voices at the other end of the lake, and then somebody shouted crossly, "Oh, shut up!"

The Echo dropped its napkin, jumped up, ran to the door and called, "Shut up!" across the lake. Then it came back and sat down, sighing.

"Why, dear me!" said Silvertoes.

"Dear me," said the Echo sadly, shaking its head.

"Do you always have to jump up and answer just like that?" she asked.

"Just like that," the Echo replied sorrowfully.

"What a bother!" Silvertoes pondered.

"A bother!" said the Echo, a little crossly.

"But that's a shame—when the things they say are so horrid!"

"Horrid!" it agreed. And Silvertoes was distressed to see tears in its wistful eyes.

"If they said kind, happy, funny things, wouldn't it be much nicer?" she asked, passing her plate for more nut-bread and oak-apple fritter.

"Much nicer!" cried the Echo, nodding with delight.

"Well, anyhow," Silvertoes stated, "I for one am going to do it."

"Do it!" the Echo begged earnestly.

When they had finished supper the Echo closed the front windows, for the air was beginning to grow cool from off the water. It put more pine-cones on the little fire, and it and Silvertoes sat warming their fingers.

"I'm so glad I got lost," Silvertoes said. "I *do* like you!"

"I *do* like you!" the Echo told her, and patted her shyly.

"Oh, dear!" the little girl cried suddenly, "it's getting dark! I must run fast through your little path. Oh, Echo, thank you!"

"Thank you!" it said, at the doorstep.

"Good-bye, dear thing!" and she kissed the top of its fuzzy little head.

"Bye, dear thing . . ." Silvertoes heard its lonely little voice as she started running down the trail.

The Echo was so excited that it could hardly wash

the dishes. It lay awake a long time in its milkweed bed, and heard people who had come out to look for the little lost Brownie, calling, "Silvertoes! oh, Silvertoes!" So it leaned out of the bedroom window and called, "Silvertoes!" too.

Then it heard the same deep voice cry, "Here she is—thank heaven!"

And the Echo said, "Thank heaven!" and turned over and went to sleep.

Silvertoes didn't wait long to tell everybody she could about how unhappy it made the Echo to repeat so many rough, cross things. She told all the big boys and some of them laughed at her. But they felt a little foolish after that when they heard the Echo snapping back at them, and they stopped after awhile. Silvertoes put up a big sign on the wharf, which said, "Please be Kind to the Ekko" and every day she went and

stood on the end of the wharf herself and shouted the nicest things she could think of. She always started with, "Lend a hand!" and she finished with, "I'm so happy!" It made her jump up and down with glee to hear how jolly the Echo's voice sounded as it called back to her, "I'm so happy!"

When Silvertoes joined her Pack in the winter, she promptly magicked her Six and turned them into Echoes. When Brown Owl came in with a nice, merry, Brownie grin for everybody, did that Six look sulky, or shy, or stupid, or silly? No, indeed! They each had a grin just as wide and as merry as Brown Owl's. When she said, "Greeting!" they all echoed, "Greeting!" like six sunbeams. But Silvertoes was very strict. If any of her Brownies echoed anything that was *not* cheerful, or merry, or kind, or nice, she magicked them into toads, and they had to squat about and not be spoken to at all.

You can't imagine how many nice things there are to echo until you try! Silvertoes' Six nearly burst with the fun of it. Not being real Echoes, like the poor little one at the end of the lake, they didn't *have* to repeat the horrid things, and you can't think what nice, warm, cuddly comfortable feelings they all got from echoing laughter, and happy words, and kind things, all the time!

As for the real little Echo—it put up its shutters when the lake froze over, and piled ever so many pine-cones on the fire. And as it snuggled down in bed each night, it whispered, "I'm so happy!"

It couldn't say it aloud,—but enough of Silvertoes' shout was left to keep the Echo company all winter, with that little whisper.



It and Silvertoes sat warming their fingers.

Your Captain Will Meet Them at Convention

In Chicago, April 29—May 2



Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, our Second Vice-President, helps us with new plans for our Proficiency Badges. The Craftsman Badge, the Citizen—she is happy when you write her your new ideas for any of them. At Convention, she will tell your Captain of our new Scout order of the Golden Eaglet

There is no woman in our country more deeply interested in girls than Mrs. Herbert Hoover. That is the reason why, for two years, she has generously given of her time to be our National President. With her as our Presiding Officer, our Chicago Convention will be a vital Scouting event



Friends on whom we can always count—every girl values such friends, does she not? Such a friend of Scouting is Mrs. V. Everit Macy, Chairman of our National Executive Board, which is quite like your Court of Honor, for our Executive Board considers matters very important to the Girl Scouts

Every Scout is glad when she meets Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, our National Director, who, all her life, has been a Girl Scout at heart. When she was but four years old she took her first camp trip. Since, she has camped in Texas, California, Vermont, New York and many other States—as well as in England and Belgium



Mrs. Frederick Edey, head of our National Field Department, is a friend to every Girl Scout and Captain, too, and likes nothing better than to visit you all. When her daughter was of Scout age, Mrs. Edey wrote plays for her and her friends. Today, Mrs. Edey is writing a Scout play for us



Have you ever been Treasurer of your troop? Can you, then, imagine being National Treasurer for all the Girl Scouts, everywhere? That is what Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady does for us. And she knows, too, how much it helps Scouting when every Scout pays her dues promptly.



How to Make Fire by Rubbing Sticks

The holder of the world's record for making fire by friction tells Girl Scouts what every pioneer should know

By EAGLE SCOUT DUDLEY WINN SMITH

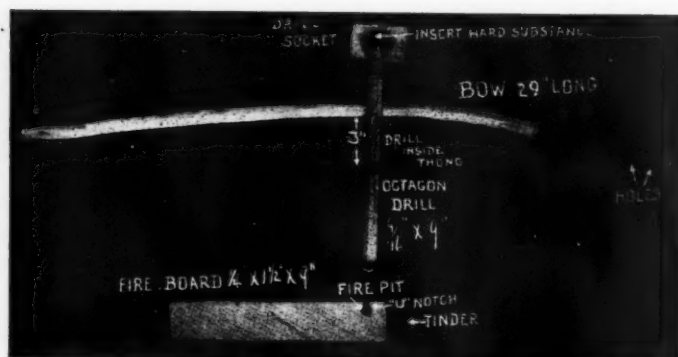
I have experimented in making fire by friction for a number of years and am delighted to do my special good turn by describing my methods, which differ but little from the one described in detail in the *Boy Scout Handbook*.

When I made my record for making fire by rubbing sticks, I proceeded as follows. A few minutes before the start of the contest, I prepared a fire pit by rubbing it with the drill just as I would actually do in making a fire. Then I laid aside my apparatus and was very careful not to let anything come in contact with either the charred end of the drill or the fire pit. Then I worked a small handful of absolutely dry red cedar bark tinder into a thick round pad and placed it under the fire pit. When the starter said "Go," I drew my bow back and forth with long complete strokes and in a few seconds a little pile of smoking black charcoal issued from the fire pit. Then I stopped rubbing, picked up *both* the board and the tinder and blew *directly* onto the smoking pile, which immediately turned into a glowing ember. In seven and one-fifth seconds after I drew the first stroke, the tinder burst into flame.

The suggestions below will help you to make fast time. I worked a long time before I was able to produce a blaze in less than a minute. So do not be discouraged if you fail the first time. Keep trying until you succeed. But I know you will because a Girl Scout sees things through.

Making your bow

I find a long bow by far the best. Mine is twenty-nine inches long and has a three inch bend. The easiest way to secure the things is to drill two holes in the end of the bow, as illustrated, thus a knot is unnecessary. When bowing, hold the board very firmly with your feet or



In establishing the world's record, Eagle Scout Smith used apparatus like this

Every Girl Scout is interested in learning how to make fire the true Indian and pioneer way—by rubbing sticks. The following valuable suggestions have been generously given us by Charles F. Smith from his splendid book, "Games and Recreation," soon to be published by Dodd Mead and Company. Not only does Mr. Smith's book include this article. It will give every troop games, stunts, ideas for troop and camp-fire programs. In fact, it will be just what you and your Captain are looking for.

Eagle Scout Dudley Winn Smith of Independence, Missouri, is holder of the record for making fire by friction. Flint and steel time: four and three-fifths seconds. Rubbing stick time: seven and one fifth seconds. A picture of his equipment is given on this page to help in making your own. Any one who has difficulty in obtaining fire making materials can purchase them from the champion.—EDITOR.

you will never get a spark. When you stop bowing, do not let the drill fly out of the pit. Lift it straight up.

The socket

A very hard substance must be inserted in the drill socket. I insert the glass knob of a percolator top. The pressure on the socket must be increased gradually.

The fire pit

When a new fire is made, the pit should be drilled before the notch is cut. The end of the drill should be pointed slightly only for starting a new hole. After that it should always be kept round. The spindle must be held exactly perpendicular to the board. A "U" shaped notch is better than a "V". A spark can be produced quicker by putting a little sand in the pit before rubbing.

Of the common woods, I have found American or white elm best for both the board and the drill. Since establishing my record I have discovered that yucca is even better than white elm. I have repeatedly produced an ember with yucca with four strokes of the bow, while it required nearly three seconds to produce an ember with elm. Yucca and elm are the only woods I have ever tried that produce an ember into which you can blow the instant you stop rubbing. All other woods must be fanned gently with the hand or allowed to stand an instant before you can blow.

The woods to use

The following woods are listed in their order of preference: yucca, American elm, red elm, balsam, fir, red cedar, willow, cypress, sycamore, cottonwood or poplar, soft maple, basswood, white pine.

A thin fire board is superior to a thick one for both speed and ease. I use boards from a quarter to three-eighths of an inch thick. A small drill is also superior.

(Continued on page 35)



Look for this page, each month. All kinds of fire—all kinds of recipes. Send any questions you have to the Outdoor Cooking Department, THE AMERICAN GIRL. If you have a favorite recipe, send it to us with amounts of foodstuffs given for one patrol. For every recipe accepted, we shall pay one dollar



A trapper or hunter fire such as Mr. Smith describes below

Our Outdoor Cooking Page

Cook These Outdoors

By HARRIET L. JUHRE
Commissioner, St. Paul, Minnesota

Here are some recipes which we have tried out on our week-end hikes in Minnesota. All are favorite dishes with our Scouts and not one of them takes more than thirty minutes to prepare. Furthermore, they have been planned from the standpoint of nourishment, of economy in cost and utensils, and of foodstuffs that are neither bulky nor heavy to "pack" on your back. All amounts given are sufficient for one patrol.

Hunter's stew

Fry diced bacon (about six slices), add one large diced onion and fry until brown, add one quart of boiling water, dice four long potatoes and cook until potatoes are mushy. In a separate kettle, cook until tender, one half dozen diced carrots, one diced turnip and any other desired vegetable, add to first mixture and serve. Salt to taste, (about one half teaspoon).

Tomato cheese on toast

One cup tomato juice (strain tomatoes to one cup) one cup bread crumbs, one pound cheese cut in small pieces, one tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Corn chowder

One can corn, two cups raw potatoes cut in quarter inch cubes, four cups scalded milk, three tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, eight crackers, one pound salt pork cut in half inch cubes, one chopped onion. Fry pork, add onion and cook five minutes. Boil potatoes five minutes in boiling water to cover, add fried pork and onion, cook until potatoes are soft, add corn and milk, heat to boiling point.

How to Build a Trapper or Hunter Fire

By CHARLES F. SMITH

This is a most popular fire for cooking a large meal and it is generally used when large logs are available. The side-logs confine the heat which plays back and forth between them, and they also act as rests for the cooking utensils. The distance between them is determined by the size of the pots and pans. When large logs are used their faces should be flattened to allow for fire space between them.

The cross stick laying on the ground at right angles to the side-logs might be called a "damper-stick," for the cook uses it when he starts the fire, and when he wishes to blow it up just as he would open the damper in a stove.

There are several ways to start this fire. (1) When a small quick meal is to be cooked, first lay a criss-cross fire and when it burns down to coals lay the side-logs. (2) When several large utensils are to be heated, as in the illustration, remove the log on the windward side and lay a long fire against the other and when this burns down replace the second log. (3) When potatoes are to be baked scoop out a trench four or five inches deep and just large enough to contain the potatoes when placed in a single layer. Elevate the side-logs on two cross-sticks laid over the trench, lay a liberal supply of tinder or dry leaves between the logs, and criss-cross the firewood on top of them. When this burns down bury the potatoes in the embers and cover them with ashes or dirt, replenish the fire and cook the rest of the meal. In from forty minutes to an hour the potatoes will be baked without being burned.

NOTE:—These directions for making a Trapper Fire will appear in Mr. Smith's book, "Games and Recreational Methods" (Dodd, Mead and Company.)—EDITOR.



Giving a May Breakfast

*A clever idea by which our Sheboygan Scouts have earned money
for their permanent camp site*

By BARBARA SCHREIER

About five years ago, soon after our Girl Scouts had been organized and just when the girls under the leadership of Miss Quimby wondered whether a summer camp would be possible, Mrs. Prescott, the organizer of our local Council, suggested the annual May Breakfast, to be given by the Council, assisted by the Girl Scouts. The object was to raise funds for a permanent camp site.

Hardly had the suggestion been made, when the Council and the Scouts were deep in the activities of our May Breakfast plans. There were tickets to be sold, a place for the serving of our Breakfast to be found, dishes to get, a program to plan—oh! dozens of things to do and several dozen people to do them and to cooperate in such a way as only a General Chairman could desire.

The Chairman appointed committees and selected her Assistant Chairman from the Council. The committees, Ticket, Advertising, Kitchen, Dining-room, Serving, Decorating and Reception, felt their responsibility very keenly and began work with real vim and vigor.

At first, the ticket sale seemed to be quite a problem. When the committee realized that seven or eight hundred tickets must be circulated among the various troops—for Scouts sold tickets only among their friends—it was difficult to know just what to do. Finally, each Captain was given a certain number of tickets and took charge of the sale in her troop. The result was that there was a real troop competition and it was decided that the troop selling the greatest number of tickets could select the May Queen. Can you imagine the sale? With tickets for fifty cents a piece there were few in our town who did not buy at least one.

For several years this competition was carried on, but it proved to be rather unfair because the same troop won the contest each year. It happened that the girls in this troop were situated in a locality financially more fortunate. In order to retain the interest in the sale of tickets, the committee decided to present the troop selling the most tickets with a troop flag and to select

the Queen according to the number of the troop. This year, Troop Number 3 will have the pleasure.

The ticket sale, the May Queen, a bit of newspaper publicity, and an occasional editorial by our local editor, has been all of the advertising that our Breakfast has needed. The people seem to expect our annual May Breakfast and look forward to it.

The Breakfast

OATMEAL	ORANGE	CORNFLAKES
BACON AND EGGS	BREAKFAST ROLLS	
JELLY	DOUGHNUTS	MILK COFFEE

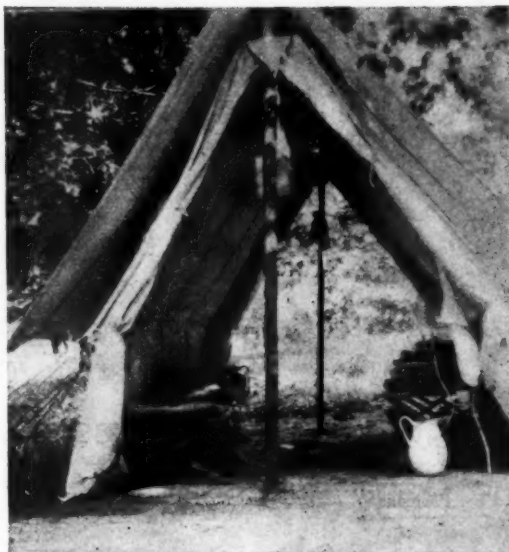
This, one that any strong man and his happy family can enjoy and thrive on, has been served in the Congregational Church Hall between the hours of seven and nine thirty on a Saturday morning, early in May. It has always been a pleasure to know that men have been eager to come and that families, as a whole, have made a real effort to be with us every year.

Since serving our Breakfast at seven means that some one must be about early in the morning, it has seemed wise to hire two cooks, who come about five thirty and take complete charge of the kitchen. This Kitchen Kaper Committee, including two cooks and two dishwashers, has proved to be a real economy because they have made it possible for the Servers to give their patrons prompt and good service. The entire fee of these helpers has not exceeded \$9.65.

The dining room which can accommodate two hundred people at one sitting, is decorated with baskets of sweet peas, geraniums, carnations and pussy willows, all of which are donated. The tables are set the day previous, so that everything is ready at seven in the morning for the first 'breakfasters'. Paper napkins and paper table

(Continued on page 33)

"How can I earn money to go to camp?" This is the time of year when every girl asks this question. Here is the story of how a Girl Scout troop in Glen Ellyn, Illinois, has found a splendid way



To give real service at the same time that you are earning money for your camp fund—this is the ideal Girl Scout way. The Glen Ellyn Service Bureau is one plan. Read of another on page 3

Our Service Bureau

By MILDRED A. THIELE

OVER a year ago, the mothers in our town had a problem which we helped them to solve. When a mother who had no maid wished to go out for an afternoon or evening she either had to take her children with her or "farm them out." This was seldom convenient so most mothers were forced to stay at home. A most commonly-heard remark in our village came to be, "Do you know of any one whom I could get to come in to stay with my children occasionally?" and the equally well known answer, "Well, yes, but she's so very busy I hardly think she would have time."

While talking to a mother one day I thought of the Girl Scouts, and decided to suggest to some of the girls that they could help out. Finally, we worked out the idea of a Scout *Community Service Bureau* which would help the mothers and also help a Scout to earn her Community Service Badge. A chairman was appointed who made a list of all the older Girl Scouts who were willing and able to take care of children. She also listed these Scouts' telephone numbers and addresses.

We sent an article to each of the local papers explaining this service and giving the chairman's telephone number with directions to call her for further information and we then got in touch with some of the mothers whom we knew were in need of this service. In a short time we had more demands than we could supply.

Our service was for caring for children only. An extra charge was made for housework. Thus we were able to make a very moderate charge, for our Scouts could study or sew while sitting with a sleeping baby. As many of the girls as could do so turned their money into the camp fund, but they were not required to do this.

When our Parent Teachers' Association heard of our Bureau, they asked whether we would not entertain children on the evenings of their association meetings so that parents would be free to attend. The association offered

ten cents for each child entertained during the meeting which lasted less than two hours.

We accepted this offer and appointed a Scout committee to look up games for children of the various ages and in this way planned our evening ahead of time. Most parents were so pleased that they paid us more than ten cents a child and the result was a most welcome sum for our Camp Fund. The teachers, too, were pleased and requested that we continue our work. And the children, who said they had enjoyed the evening as much as a party, were all eager to know how soon we would "do it again."

I believe that caring for children is one of the best ways in which Girl Scouts can earn money and give service at the same time. The work of our Service Bureau has been successful for several reasons. We have always known about the families in which our Girl Scouts have gone to care for the children, since ours is a small town. We have assigned to the work only those Girl Scouts whom we knew to be capable of caring for children and resourceful in any emergency. When we entertained the children in groups for the Parent-Teachers' Association, Scout leaders supervised the program. All of which together has given parents confidence in us. Many mothers have said to our girls, "It has been such a relief to me to have you take care of my children."

Another way in which we have earned money for our camp has been through Patrol Parties. Patrol 1 entertained the troop at a party program. Other friends were invited, too. We sang Scout songs and gave the little pageant called *The Spirit of the Scout Laws*. There was cheering by our troop and the visitors. Whereupon we invited our audience to partake of light refreshments which we served for fifteen cents. As had been our previous experience, most people paid a little more than they were asked so we again made a very nice little sum for our fund, and every one had an enjoyable time.



"We developed our pictures ourselves"

"Picture Ahead!"

A Milwaukee Girl Scout writes her best friend all about their Camp Photography Club. Don't you wish you might have been a member? But then, why not your own club? See page 26 for our Camera Contest

By LORRAINE SCHRUBB and GRACE VAUGHN

Troop 11, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Photographs taken by members of the Club

DEAR MARGARET, How I wish you might have been here this week! Our Girl Scout Camp has a wonderful location. It's on a hill overlooking Lake Beulah. We've been having such good times. Of course, there is the work to be done first but during our free time we can choose one of the several clubs, Dramatic, Camera, Basketry, Nature, First Aid and Signaling. Having an interest in photography, I chose the Camera and Hiking Club. I can't begin to tell you of the many things we have done. The purpose of combining the two clubs was to give us a chance to take pictures on our hikes and cook out-of-doors besides. At our first meeting, we learned all about the mechanism of our cameras. This made it more interesting.

We took snapshots, time exposures, and flashlights. The developing was the most fun. It was necessary to have cold running water to wash the films. We dammed up the stream and inserted a pipe in the spring which furnished us with running water. You see, by developing the pictures ourselves, we learned our mistakes.

I'll tell you about a hike that we had. We had so much fun I hardly know where to begin. About half-past two, we were all ready to go. We all had our sweaters (there were about ten of us) and plenty of provisions in our knapsacks, besides of course, our indispensable kodaks. Then we started. We went part of the way around Lake Beulah.

Oh, Marg, there certainly were some beautiful spots there. In some places, there were secluded nooks and shady groves. It seemed almost like a fairy land. After we had gone about a mile around the lake, we cut cross country toward the road that was to lead us to our destination. We climbed a good many fences and I

was carrying the eggs. Well, I thought I could hear one break at every fence I climbed!

When we arrived at the lake, we walked along the beach until we found a good place to build our fire. Some of us went after firewood, while the others unstrapped the baggage and got the food ready. We started the fire, and put big rocks around it. They heated in this way and got so hot that they would sizzle when water was put on them. Of course, we took pictures of the fire. Then we sat by the dying embers and watched the sun set.

But by the way, so that you may know we really accomplished something with our kodaks, I want to tell you that we have taken 114 pictures this summer of the camp and its activities. Many of them were flashlights, taken of our camp-fires. I remember one camp-fire we had some evenings ago. There was a little playlet composed and acted by the girls of the Dramatic Club. It was a scene of John Smith and Pocahontas. You know the story, don't you? Well, to make it more effective, everybody came dressed up as Indians. Our club took some very good flashlights of this. And after we have developed our

pictures, many of the girls are buying them as souvenirs of camp. Why, out of the 114 negatives that we have taken, we sold six hundred post cards made from the pictures, and eight hundred plain pictures.

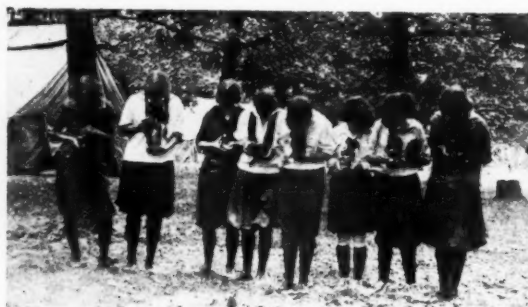
Yes, Marg, I really think that the Photography Club is a good addition to our camp. And we have enjoyed it so that I don't think we could get along without it.

Why, we take pictures of the girls washing dishes, peeling vegetables, carrying water, and all sorts of interesting things.

I have spent all my rest hour writing to you, and just think I planned to write four letters today.

Loads of love,

Jane



These girls took 114 pictures at the Milwaukee camp

Enter
Our Camera Contest

Page 26 will tell you all about it



Courtesy of Community Service

A scene from "The Shoes that Danced"

Plays for Easter and Spring

By MABEL F. HOBBS

Drama Consultant, Playground and Recreation Association of America

THE SHOES THAT DANCED, by Anna Hempstead Branch. An exquisite drama in verse. Seven characters. This play must not be attempted by inexperienced groups. The setting: a studio. Watteau, a great painter, loves Columbine, the dancer. She reciprocates his affections only so far as she may advance the fortune of her sweetheart, Lacrete, Watteau's pupil. Watteau, through this love for Columbine, sacrifices his own fortune and makes an enemy of the Queen. We suggest the play be cut. Columbine must be a good dancer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. May be obtained from the Drama Bookshop, 29 West 47th Street, New York City, price including postage \$1.75. Through the courtesy of the author, the royalty has been cut to \$5.00 a performance for Girl Scout troops.

JUST WOMEN, by Colin Campbell Clements. A very delightful one act comedy of the early Victorian period. Seven female parts, one interior scene. Plays about one half hour. Mrs. Warren is anxiously awaiting her daughter Betty's return from London where she has been attending school for the past year. The neighbors drop in one by one ostensibly to have a cup of tea, but in reality to get a glimpse of Betty and see if her year in London has improved her hoydenish manner. Betty suddenly arrives and the ladies show their disapproval of her by making it perfectly clear that they will be too busy to receive her for some time. However, their attitude suddenly changes when Lady Bloshire calls and Mrs. Warren announces Betty's engagement to her son. The play offers excellent opportunities for character work as well as for delightful costuming. Adapted to older members of troop. Samuel French, 28 West 38th Street, New York City, price thirty cents.

THE THREE BEARS, found in Katherine Lord's book, *Plays for School and Camp*, is a delightful and original dramatization of the well-known story. Five characters, two scenes, an epilogue and a prologue. Especially

adapted to the Brownies. May be obtained from Little, Brown & Co., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City, price \$1.50.

Easter Suggestions

THE CHALICE AND THE CUP, by Mary S. Edgar, a beautiful vesper service for the Easter season. Two principal characters, any number of girls and a choir. Runs from twenty to thirty minutes. Very simple. The Church, a symbolic character, tells the story of Good Friday and Easter Day. In response to her appeal, the Association Spirit comes. The service is so written that the Girl Scout Spirit may be substituted for the Association Spirit, thus making it suitable for Girl Scout troops. Womans Press, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City, price fifty cents.

HER EASTER CHOICE from *Life Victorious*, by Margaret Slattery. A dialogue for ten girls. Louise, a girl of fifteen, chooses the path she is to travel through life. Characters of Pleasure, Beauty, Faith, etc., are introduced. Pilgrim Press, Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, price per copy six cents; twelve copies for sixty-five cents.

EASTER CELEBRATIONS is a publication of Edgar S. Werner, 11 East 14th Street, New York City, price sixty cents. This book contains poems, dialogues, pantomimes, together with suggestions for Easter entertainments and parties.

STORIES OF THE EASTER CAROLS, prepared by Professor Peter W. Dykema, price ten cents. **EASTER CAROL SHEETS** are seventy cents per hundred plus postage. Both the above may be obtained from the Bureau of Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Dennison's Service Bureau, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City, are in a position to furnish sketches, patterns and suggestions for making paper costumes. They also are willing to assist in planning table decorations for parties and other Easter entertainments.

Next-Door Neighbor T

Illinois, Indiana, I
and Wisconsin, Gi



ABOVE—Setting up (or up-setting) exercises in our Joliet, Ill., camp



ABOVE—Can't you see Chicago Scouts next summer enjoying this lovely spot, their new camp site?

BELOW—Colors and smiles start the day in Auburn, Wisconsin's, camp



LEFT—When looking for Handy Women, call at Escanaba, Michigan's camp



LEFT—A popular moment? Yes! In our Lockport, Illinois, camp



LEFT—Calling it "kapers" in our Detroit Camp because Scouts laugh and "kaper" when they work



ABOVE—Look at the eve Scout Leader from Wisconsin and Indiana, camp together Beulah, Wisconsin

To Our Convention

da, Michigan
Girl Scouts



ribbons,
hampagne,
patrol

RIGHT — Reading THE AMERICAN GIRL in Milwaukee's Scout office? They are!



ABOVE—Ever try aquaplaning? Our Indianapolis campers love it—never mind the splash!



RIGHT — Crawfordsville, Indiana, Scouts invited out to breakfast. Read about it on page 25



at every one a
from Wisconsin, Illinois
camp together at Lake
ons

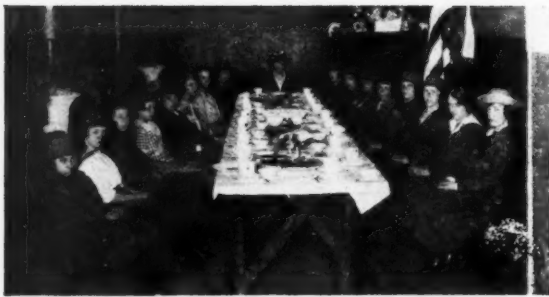
RIGHT—Cooking supper, back to camp with a song—Kenosha, Wisconsin's recipe for a good time



ABOVE—Peoria, Illinois, Scouts plus wood equals a good fire

BELOW—Gwinnett, Michigan, Scouts at Bass Lake, ready to swim like bass!





Troop 15, Detroit, Michigan, were about to begin their banquet, when along came the photographer

Our Convention *Chicago, Illinois*

Have you heard your Captain talking about the Girl Scout Convention which is to be held in Chicago, April 29—May 2? If you have, you know that for all that "convention" has a formal sound, the Girl Scout Convention is the friendliest thing possible. Just think—Captains and Council members and National Board members coming from all parts of the United States in order to get acquainted with each other and to spend five days making new plans for Scouting! It couldn't help being a friendly time, could it?

And one of the best parts of the Convention is that your Captain will bring back from it many, many new plans and ideas for your troop. Some troops are working hard, this minute, earning money to send their Captain to the Convention. They are doing special things at home or in the homes of their mothers' friends—darning, mending, looking after small children. Other troops are planning to use the money which they have earned by serving lunches at school or selling fudge at basketball games. Why not suggest at your next troop meeting to send your Captain?

From our Convention region

The pictures and many of the articles in this issue have been sent to us from our Convention region: Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin. We are very proud of our Scouts in those states and proud, too, of our Scout leaders there. In fact, we are looking forward to meeting many of these Captains at the Convention for Miss Ann Hynes, Regional Director in those states, tells us that no Girl Scout leader who can possibly help it is going to miss being in Chicago April 29-May 2.

The Girl 'Scouts' "Little Home"

Washington, D. C.

The Girl Scouts now have their own "Little Home" in the very city where our President's home is to be found—a home with a living room and a bedroom and a kitchen and a pantry and a dining room, all complete. If you go to Washington, you may visit this Little Home of ours and may see how our Washington Scouts are learning not only how to care for it but how to make it beautiful, as well.

Our Little Home has been

Girl Scout News

Broadcast

SCRIBES'

given to us by the General Federation of Women's Clubs of which Mrs. T. G. Wonter is President. Last June, the Better Homes Committee (which is an organization for showing people everywhere in our country how to build better and more artistic houses) erected this Little Home as a model. It was dedicated by President Harding whose firm belief was, as we all know, there is no finer thing than a splendid home.

Conserving our wild flowers

Portland, Oregon

The Girl Scouts of Portland, Oregon, have found a most interesting way in which to work for wild flower conservation. Last spring, at the suggestion of Mrs. T. H. Sherrard, their Commissioner, the Dogwood and Pine Cone troops started in search of native wild flowers whose seeds they wished later to gather and sell. In time, twenty-five varieties of seeds were gathered and packed in about one hundred and fifty packages, labeled Girl Scout Wild Flower Seeds and with the name of the flower. Mrs. Sherrard, who has made a special study of wild flowers, supervised this labeling. The seeds were put on sale in the store in which the Scouts have their headquarters and sold rapidly. Orders were received from so far-off a state as Pennsylvania. A Portland woman, about to move to England, bought fifteen varieties to take with her. Most important of all, many people became interested in conserving our beautiful wild flowers. The Portland Girl Scouts plan to continue this work next spring and summer.

The Dogwood Troop used their Wild Flower money for their Camp Fund. The Pine Cones used their as part payment for the tree which they and the Boy Scouts planted on their school grounds on Arbor Day.

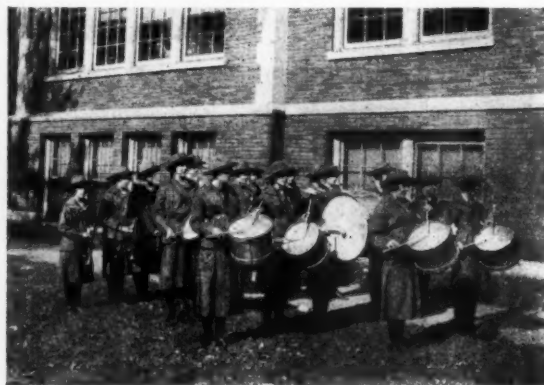
A splendid Scout paper *Detroit, Michigan*

Our Detroit Girls have a splendid monthly paper, *The Detroit Girl Scout*, which brings us news of the many fine things done there in Scouting. The following is by Frances Neely, Troop 4, of Detroit.

Today

Today shall I no evil see,
To faults will I be blind,
For love will open my eyes
for me.

Good will I seek and find.
Today shall I no evil hear,



With drums given by the Kiwanis Club and bugles by their Council, the Girl Scouts of Mount Carmel, Ill., have played their way into the hearts of the town

From Everywhere

Through our

CORNER

Against a friend or foe.
To wronging word be deaf my ear
And only goodness know.

Today shall I no evil say,
My lips no man offend,
For when the tongue is held in sway
There is the least to mend.

For memorizing our laws

Indianapolis, Indiana

From Pine Tree Troop No. 10, Indianapolis, Indiana, comes this interesting hint for memorizing our laws.

"You are studying the laws in preparation for passing the Tenderfoot Test. The first six seem to go all right. Then—well, you know that cheerfulness and obedience are next-door neighbors, but which of them lives nearest the end of the lane? Perhaps this will help you to remember. "Our Lady of Savannah," Mrs. Low, was born in October, and so October is our Girl Scout month, the seventh, eighth and ninth laws are;—Obedience, Cheerfulness, Thrift. The last law seems to be easy after that, and there you have them every one, our ten guide posts on the Road to Happiness."

Service for Scouting

Escanaba, Michigan

Older Scouts in Escanaba are doing splendid work in helping with new troops of younger girls. They have even held a most successful Thanksgiving Leaders' Camp.

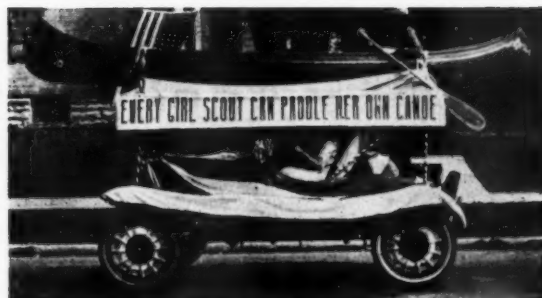
Rotary Club good angels

Crawfordsville, Indiana

The Rotary Club of Crawfordsville made camp possible for the Girl Scouts by securing for them a large unused boarding house. One of the most interesting events was a breakfast party, given by a neighboring lover of Nature. Evelyn Cole of Troop 1, writes us, "Our breakfast was served under a large willow tree and had been cooked on a furnace nearby. Beautiful peacocks walked around us, waiting for crumbs. After breakfast, we went to see the deer and found one tame enough to eat from our hands."



Troop 8, Pikaki, Hawaii, have adopted a Scout baby whom they take turns in caring for. They have named her "Cho Cho", which means butterfly



This Girl Scout float in the Fourth of July parade of Hinsdale, Ill., proves the motto they are displaying

Community Service

Brillon, Wisconsin

Our Brillon Girl Scouts have given service in many ways. They have made wreaths for the soldiers' graves, thus helping the American Legion on Decoration Day. They had a Mother Goose candy booth at the Woman's Club bazaar, thus helping raise funds for a community house. They sang carols for the sick and aged. And have entertained the Boy Scouts upon the occasions of the anniversary of the founding of the Girl Scouts in that town.

With the Parent-Teachers' Association

Mt. Carmel, Illinois

When Girl Scouts appear upon the program of a Parent-Teachers' Association, a Women's Club, a Rotary, Kiwanis, or Lions' Club, many people at once become interested in Scouting. In Mt. Carmel, Illinois, the Girl Scouts recently took charge of an entire program for the Parent-Teachers' Association.

Service to children

Kenosha, Wisconsin

Kenosha Girl Scouts "adopted" a family of ten children for both Thanksgiving and Christmas. The money for their baskets and presents they earned by giving an after-school dance.

Illinois first Troop Brick

Pontiac, Illinois

Our Pontiac Scouts never fail us. Not only did they send in the first Troop Brick for Illinois but they walked through twelve below zero weather in order to have their picture taken for THE AMERICAN GIRL. (See page 2.)

Helping the county nurse

Kalamazoo, Michigan

"The Girl Scouts are helping me in my work"—so says the county nurse of Kalamazoo. Are you helping your Public Health Nurse?

Service at camp

Fortville, Indiana

When our Fortville girls discovered near their camp, a motherless girl who was working hard for her family, they "adopted" her, inviting (Continued on page 31)



Announcing

Our Camera Contest

COME Scout photographers, send in, but you need not print and get out your cameras and try your skill in open competition with other Girl Scouts in THE AMERICAN GIRL Camera Contest. All you have to do is send us a print of a picture you have taken yourself. Make "As the Girl Scouts go hiking along" the subject of your picture.

Prizes

Our three prizes will be valued by amateur photographers — beautiful photographs which you may hang in your own room or the living room of your home. They are given by Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, one of America's great photographers and are three of her most famous camera studies. (You may remember Mrs. Beals' advice to Girl Scout picture takers in our September issue.) Mrs. Beals offers

FIRST PRIZE, a portrait study of John Burroughs;

SECOND PRIZE, one of her best known New York pictures, "Brooklyn Bridge at Dusk;"

THIRD PRIZE, another (smaller) New York study, "Madison Square."

Any one of these prizes will be an inspiration to the beginner, for they are examples of the finest practice of the fine art of photography. "I give these pictures because I wish to encourage Girl Scouts in an art that may some day be their profession," said Mrs. Beals when we saw her in her New York studio.

Conditions

1. The subject for all pictures submitted is to be, "As the Girl Scouts go hiking along." This gives you a wide range of choice for you may photograph any interesting thing you see on a hike—your Scout friends, nature pictures, anything at all that you think will make a good picture.
2. You must take the picture you

find out all you can about how to take pictures. Ask some one in your town who takes beautiful ones. Or send for free booklets on how to take pictures, to be obtained from

3. Send glossy contact print of any size negative. (Matt prints are better looking but glossy prints are better for reproduction in our magazine.)
4. All prints must be in our hands by June 15.
5. Each contestant may send in three different pictures as entries.
6. No prints will be returned.
7. Name, address, and troop number of sender must be written on back of each picture submitted.

The best pictures

The contest will be judged by the interest or beauty of the subject chosen and by the composition (arrangement or grouping of the parts of the pictures) as well as by the quality of the photography.

The winning pictures and those receiving honorable mention will be published in our magazine. If suitable, the first prize will be used as a cover for THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The judges will be

Jessie Tarbox Beals,
Jane Deeter Rippin, *our National Director*,
Helen Ferris, *Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Before entering the contest

find out all you can about how to take pictures. Ask some one in your town who takes beautiful ones. Or send for free booklets on how to take pictures, to be obtained from

The Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, New York

or
The Ansco Photoproducts, Inc.,
Binghamton, New York.

Send all pictures to

THE AMERICAN GIRL Camera Contest
189 Lexington Ave.,
New York City.

Gladima Scout says: "I'm going to enter that contest."

Little "Burnt-all-over"

(Continued from page 7)

they had been taken from her.

She looked about and gathered some white flowers, and made of them a border for the robe. Then she looked at herself in the spring, and knew that she needed more, so she made a white garland and put it round her head. Again she looked and thought she needed more, so she hung one flower on the end of each long braid of hair. Then she looked in the spring and knew that she was beautiful.

She went round to the Great White Lodge and timidly scratched with her finger nail. The flap was opened by the old woman with the wrinkled face and the kind eyes. Then Burnt-all-over said, "Mother, is this the lodge of the King of the Snow Peaks?"

"Yes, my child, this is my son's lodge. I am his Mother Earth."

"Mother, is he in?"

"No, my little one, not yet, but I expect him very soon. He is coming into the village to seek a wife and that woman shall be his wife, who first shall see him as he really is."

"Mother, which way does he come?"

"Over those eastern hills, little one down the trail you see."

"Mother," she almost whispered, "may I go and meet him?"

"Yes, my child; go, and bless you."

Away went little Burnt-all-over and began to climb the trail. Almost at once there was a blaze of light against the sky at the top, and down there came striding the most wonderful being she had ever seen or dreamed of, tall and manly, she knew it was he. Around his head were many eagle feathers shimmering against the sky and she gazed at the weapons in his right hand, and the wonder across his brow and the great hunting dogs that he led on his left.

She gazed till he was so near that it was rude to stare, so she moved off into the bushes, and covered her face with her hands and waited.

When she was sure he had passed, she turned slowly and with sinking heart to look after him. He was gone, but the white lodge shone with new splendor.

She went quickly to it. The old woman came. Then she began eagerly, "Mother, I saw your son."

"Oh, mother, the tallest, most glorious-looking war chief I ever dreamed of. And round his head

In May, "The Clam Boy" by Jane Abbott

were what I thought were eagle feathers at first, then I looked and I knew they were the beams of the morning light."

"What did he have in his right hand, daughter?"

"Mother, he carried the lightning. I saw it red and crooked and forked and moving."

"And what in the other hand?"

"He was leading two great hunting dogs, mother, white and strong, and they had but one eye each, in the middle of its head. I have seen these dogs in the winter sky, mother, in the lull when the white wind makes ready in a storm."

"And what had he on his brow, my child?"

"The rainbow, mother, red, blue and yellow and shining in splendor."

"With what did he lead the dogs?"

"He led them, mother, with a beam of light."

"Come into the lodge, my little one, you have surely seen my son." She stepped aside. Then from the back of the lodge came the great Chief she had seen; in one hand he held a purple robe spangled with beads of shining wampum; the other hand he held out to her, as he said: "My own little Burnt-all-over, I have been waiting for you. I have waited till your years of trial and burning were over; till you had overcome your sorrows, with patient fortitude. I have come now to claim you as my bride. Here is the purple robe you have won, for your spirit is great. On it are the wampum beads of your victories. Come now and dwell with me forever in the honor and glory that are truly yours. Men know me as the King of the Day. You they shall know as the Queen of the Night, and when they see your beautiful face in the sky, wearing your purple robe, they shall indeed see the scars of your sorrows burning, but these shall in no wise mar your beauty, but be there forever to remind all those who see, that the way to perfect honor, glory and joy, is through the dark alley of sorrows overcome."

Little-Burnt-All-Over is a well-known legend among the Eastern Indians. I do not pretend to any originality except in the telling of it. It appears in the following collections: "Legends of the Micmacs," by Silas T. Rand (Longmans, Green Co.); "Legends from Red Men's Forest," by Tanner; "Red Indian Fairy Book," by Olcott (Houghton, Mifflin); "Myths of the Red Children," by Gilbert Wilson (Ginn & Co.)—THE AUTHOR.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

An interesting action picture showing how fast footwork counts

Why famous women champions wear Keds

Eleven national tennis championships were won in 1923 by players wearing Keds—among which were the National Women's Singles and the National Women's Doubles Championships.

Nothing contributes more to victory in tennis—or other sports—than sureness of foot and speed. That's the reason Keds are the choice of leading women champions, as well as men, today.

Keds are ideal for all kinds of games, from basketball to field hockey, from tennis to hiking. Girl Scouts are finding them especially desirable, for they are built to stand the hardest wear in the woods, in camping or for other outdoor use.

Keds are made with tough rubber soles that are unusually pliable and springy. The uppers are made of fine, selected canvas, and are strongly reinforced.

There are many kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic trimmed, brown and white.

A popular Keds model for both outdoor and indoor sports

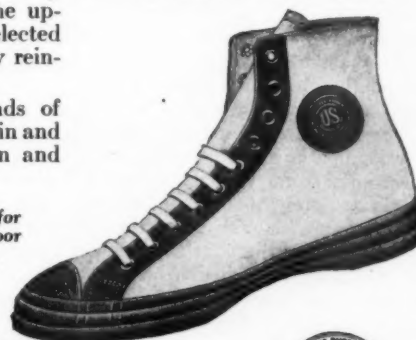
Keds, of course, vary in price according to type. But no matter what kind of Keds you buy, every pair gives you the highest possible value at the price.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

But remember—while there are other shoes that may at first glance look like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

Our 1924 Hand-Book for Girls contains valuable hints on games, recipes, etc., as well as vacation suggestions and other useful information. Sent free if you address Dept. , 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"You must not miss 'The Clam Boy'", says Gladima

The Patriot Maid

(Continued from page 10)

a trifle sternly, when they had heard her door close on their granddaughter. "I cannot think it right to falsify even to send her happy to her slumbers."

"Nor did I," Enoch Donne answered his wife's challenge with a smile. "We lost no men and had but four wounded at Trenton. 'Twas a miracle indeed, proving that God defends the right. . . . I said naught of what befell the Hessians," he added dryly.

"Nor was there need, for clearly it was a just punishment for their crimes." Mistress Donne turned from him to snuff the candle.

"At all events the battles there and at Princeton have taught General Howe caution. He hath drawn in his armies into two great garrisons at Perth Amboy and Brunswick, and the scourge of their presence is lifted from the back of many an honest farmer who was forced to give up his bed to the invaders, while his wife and children slept in the haymows."

"Brunswick and Amboy are too near to us for my peace of mind." Mistress Donne spoke fearfully, casting a glance around at her cherished tins and coppers which were all polished till they reflected the flames.

"They'll scarce reach Freehold without fighting now that at last our province is roused. The veriest Tory in the Jerseys hath learned by this that Hessians know not the English tongue when Papers of Protection are to be read, and many are saying openly that they were deceived into signing and will be out with Washington when he quits his winter quarters in Morristown." Her husband told her.

On which assurance Mistress Donne gave other thought of the enemy and went to wrap up the sponge for the morrow's baking against the night chill, while the master of the house wound the clock and banked the fire with ashes preparatory to retiring.

The long winter passed comfortably enough for the little family at Freehold save for the fact that Susan Breakfasts grew to hate her strange name more with each new jest that was turned upon it. As the weather softened many households withdrew southward in fear of Hessian raids, and the number of her tormentors decreased, but their ringleader remained, so that she scarce noted the difference.

Returning from school, one day



AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

that will give joy to our readers.

Jane Abbott, *Girl Scout Commissioner of Buffalo and famous author of girls' stories*, is now writing for *Girl Scouts* in their own magazine, *The American Girl*. Is not that fitting? Watch for "The Clam Boy" in the May issue. Read this story of Val Lewis and pretty Polly, the "Guv'nor's daughter", played in the setting where "men lived lives of incredible danger and went to their graves, usually in the sea they loved, but where one act of cowardice, one betrayal of the traditions of the sea, lasted down through the years." You will wish to know how Val Lewis through his own bravery rose beyond a legendary tradition of shame.

with a branch of pussywillows in her hand she cried, "Look, Grandmother! Look! Spring has come at last. Dame Truman had a posy of mayflowers on her table this morning, and, as I passed the hives, there was a sound of humming such as I have not heard since last summer."

"Aye, the bees should be set in the open soon. There's little fear of more snow to dazzle them and prevent their homcoming now that the maples are red in the hollows," Grandmother replied. "Warm weather would be welcome did it not mean that the war would again go on."

"So it must till the invader is driven from the land," Grandfather said sturdily. "The branch Susan carries was to be our signal. Pussywillows in tassel were to warn us that our country needed the utmost we could give. Now, save for a short campaign such as Trenton and Princeton my old hilk is of no use; but, wife, we have money out at interest and our arms need money even more than men. What say you to our asking Master Allen for what he hath owed me this long time past and giving it over to General Washington?"

"I say that our children are grown and able to care for their own needs. Our good farm should answer for ours, and all else that we have is our country's," his wife told him, and Grandfather Donne laid a fond hand on her shoulder as he went out to call upon their rich neighbor.

Susan Breakfasts was cradling the kitten in her arms when her grandfather returned and threw his hat down angrily.

"The tory traitor!" he said between his teeth. "He told me it was 'not convenient' to pay me my due. I pressed him, pointing out that the money was to be returned on demand, and he tried to wheedle me, saying that he had very special Papers of Protection from the British which made my gold safer with him than with me, more especially as the Armies of Occupation were sure to move south on their way to Philadelphia now that winter was breaking. I still demanded my due, whereupon he bared his teeth and refused it point-blank, vowing that loyalty to his King forbade his giving me the where-withal to oppose his Majesty."

"And hast thou no recourse?" his wife asked anxiously.

"Aye, the courts!" her husband answered, "but we know the delays such actions entail even in less parlous times."

A week later at breakfast they were again arguing as to the course open to them while they ate their hasty pudding and new milk, when a knock at the door told them that a visitor was without. The caller was a young man, scarce more than a lad, the son of old-time neighbors who had moved from that section ere the war began but who were known to them as true Patriots which fact assured a hearty welcome to their son.

"Cyrus Midden!" cried husband and wife together. "Come thou in and sit. Hast eaten and how doth it happen that thou art so far from the front?"

"I am on leave," Cyrus answered, "but in truth I am also on an errand to you, and I know not how to break my news to you."

It was no cheering news that Cyrus Midden brought, that day. Nor was it easy for Susan's grandmother and grandfather to make an immediately necessary decision. Yet Susan was brave. Read about it in the next, the second installment of *The Patriot Maid*.

A new plan for our readers. See page 3



A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms neatly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.

Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.

Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.

A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

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THAT is what a Ridabock uniform is. Custom Tailoring, tailoring to *your* measure insures a smart fit in such details as sleeve length, width of the shoulders, position of belt line and pockets, the hang of the skirt, the snug turn of the collar. And the materials, too, are of a quality that matches the tailoring. Finest quality olive drab serge, with regulation buttons and insignia make a trig, smart garment and bring out the best style touches. For prices and samples

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We have just published the Girl Scout play,

"The Taming of Horrors"

which originally appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The price is 30c. per copy.

"Converting of Mrs. Noshuns" was first published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. 30c. per copy.

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Gladima says, "I'm going to be an American Girl Representative—like Betty Tonks."

Books for Your Badges

For Our Homemakers

The Homemaker, the Cook, the Hostess, the Laundress—how interesting those badges are and what a discovery we make about the work for them—that it isn't drudgery, after all, but part of that fascinating thing, Homemaking. And here is a book which makes Homemaking even more fascinating for Girl Scouts at work on these badges and those of you who like to make paper dolls and dolls' houses for your small sister.

THE HOMEMAKER by Mabel Louise Keech (Lippincott). Here is that good old game of *Gossip* made over for Sweeping and Dusting! How? Why, look in the book! Here is a song for setting the table. See page 18! Here is another game called *Polish Silver* which we want to play, at once. Yes, your Captain as well as you yourself will wish to see this book.

For Our Scientists

When brother gets out his radio, we wish we knew more about air and air currents, don't we? And if we are working on the Electrician's, the Zoologist's, the Rock Tapper's Badges, there are so

many questions we have to ask. Here is a book, *THE BOYS' OWN BOOK OF SCIENCE* by Floyd L. Darrow (Macmillan) which will answer those scientific questions of yours, written by a man who knows. This book will be a fine birthday present for brother, too.

For Our Photographers

Are you interested in our Photography Badge and are you going to enter our Camera Contest? We recommend *OUTDOOR PHOTOGRAPHY* by Julian Dimoch (Macmillan). Its suggestions are very definite and practical on such subjects as "Light and exposure," "Composition" and many others.

A Message from Mrs. Low

To our Golden Eaglets

Mrs. Low has asked us to tell our many Golden Eaglets who have written her how delighted she has been with their letters. A temporary illness in London has prevented her replies. But you will be happy to know that she is feeling better and will be with us at our Convention.

FIND IT IN BOOKS

The best camping and hiking advice:

Camping and Woodcraft. By Horace Kephart. Pocket edition, 2 vols. in 1, \$3.00. *Camping alone*, cheap edition, \$.75.

For hikers along the coast:

Dwellers of the Sea and Shore. By William Crowder. Ill. \$2.25.

The easiest way to know the stars:

The Star People and the Sky Movies. By Gaylord Johnson. Pocket astronomy including fun for everybody. Full of diagrams and illustrations. Each \$1.50.

How to enjoy that science course:

The Boys' Own Book of Science. By Floyd Darrow. A home laboratory book, including brief biographies of the greatest scientists. Ill. \$2.50.

Everyday Mysteries. By Charles Greeley Abbot. Blueberries, old shoes, furnaces, faucets—each hides a thrilling scientific law. \$2.00.

For all good citizens:

The Boys' Own Book of Politics. By William G. Shepherd. Straight talk on political parties and why young people must learn about politics. \$2.00.

Great ideas from the stories of other girls:

Diantha's Quest: A Tale of the Argonauts of '49. By A. A. and E. B. Knipe. Ill. \$1.75.

Little Mamselle of the Wilderness: A Tale of La Salle and his explorers. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Ill. \$1.75.

Wisp. A Girl of Dublin. By Katharine Adams. How some English and American girls entered the life of an Irish girl. Ill. \$2.00.

The Pool of Stars. By Cornelia Meigs. American history as it touched a girl and boy of today. \$1.50.

Including Mother. By Margaret Ashmun. The problem of a high school girl who was the dependable one in an unusual home. \$1.50.

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Jimmie: The Story of a Black Bear Cub. By Ernest Harold Baynes. Ill. \$1.60.

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The Boys' Own Book of Adventurers. By Albert Britt. \$2.00.

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In May—Stunts for your troop meetings and hikes

(Continued from page 25)
her to all their camp fun. She proved to be an excellent camper.

A clever exhibition

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

At our last Eau Claire rally, one of the most clever numbers showed Scouts in the guise of a fir tree, a violet, a squirrel, a frog, a mushroom, a blue bird and poison ivy (carrying a warning!). Every costume was made of crepe paper.

A generous Council

Joliet, Illinois

The Joliet Council, greatly interested in their Scout camp, last summer had a plan for giving special treats to the girls. On each day of the camp trip, one Council member donated something: Monday bananas; Tuesday oranges; Wednesday crack-erjack; Thursday ice-cream; Friday marshmallows for a Marshmallow Roast.

In the parade

Hinsdale, Illinois

Hinsdale Scouts have a prominent place in the Fourth of July parade arranged by the American Legion. Every float in last year's parade illustrated in one way an answer to the

question, "What is our aim?" The picture on page 25 illustrates the point that our aim is to be resourceful.

Successful Christmas fairs

Kohler, Wisconsin

At Kohler's annual Christmas fair to earn money for their uniform, the Girl Scouts maintained parcel post, pop corn ball, ice cream, and hand-made article booths. In Iona, Michigan, the Scouts' Christmas bazaar was one of the most popular held in town.

A school pie social

East St. Louis, Illinois

When the East St. Louis school gave a School Pie Social, every one agreed that the Boy and Girl Scouts were more than necessary. The girls served the pie and coffee. The boys served the ice cream. And the proceeds went to buy new records for the school victrola.

A Girl Scout visit

Wheaton, Illinois

When the Girl Scouts of Salem, Illinois, invited the Wheaton Girl Scouts to come to their town and give an exhibition of their Scouting skill, the Wheaton girls accepted with pleasure.



A Lovely New Magazine for Your Little Sister

A Child's Garden

Your little sister will love it, from its gay colored cover, right through its pictures, verses and stories. Tell your mother about it. Get her to subscribe. Then when little sister comes clamoring for a story, you can read her one out of a picture book that is also a magazine, new each month. (And I shouldn't be surprised if you and mother wouldn't love *A CHILD'S GARDEN*, too.)

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Dear Mary Jane:—

Don't ask me to recommend Entertainment Material, but do as I have done, send to The Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio, also 944 So. Logan St., Denver, Colorado. They have always helped me. I've used their "Stunt Songs for Social Sings," 35 cts., and they're a scream. Get their catalog of Plays, Songs, Drills, Operettas, etc.

Love to Mother and Jim.

Anne.

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Werner Book Shop, 11 E. 14th St., New York City

Gladima Scout asks you: "Have you bought your troop brick?"

Our Loveliest Camp

(Continued from page 12)

supply of fresh drinking water. Off beyond the livingroom, in amongst the old redwoods, were the bedrooms. Each, individually or in groups, picked the spot he or she most approved for his or her roll of blankets. It was not even necessary to put up the strip of canvas around three or four tree trunks or bushes, which often made the dressing-room, as a number of the redwoods were hollow, having arched openings six and eight feet in diameter and eighteen or twenty feet high, which made the most fascinating little dressing-rooms.

"What a pity it is summer and won't rain," exclaimed the tenderest footer. "Wouldn't they be too adorable to sleep in!"

Where the streamlet dropped over the last high ledge of rock it made a rainbow waterfall into a deep, dark pool. Moss and maiden-hair and five-fingered fern grew in profusion over the cliffs above it, and tall tiger lilies looked at their own images in the dark surface. This lovely fernery was not in sight from camp, but rewarded a three-minute walk beyond a protecting screen of shrubbery.

It was not until we were all settled around the evening "table" (spread on the ground) that we realized how really beautiful the scene was on the other side of the wider stream, as well. Grasses and wild flowers grew thick on either side of the winding trail, with great mossy boulders strewn about. Some little willows were reflected in a shallow pool further down, a fairy circle of second-growth redwoods rising fifty feet above them, and on beyond still, little sierra rose behind little sierra, for here the canon was not wall-closed on that side, but fell back in sharp-pointed, well-wooded hills. Above it all rose a higher range and then another, the last culminating in a sharp high-flung peak of white limestone that gave an after-glow as though it were covered with untrodden snow. A wonderful view from our dining-room windows!

Yes, as I think slowly back over scores of camping places, I must acknowledge none could ever think of approaching that one! Sometime, I want to tell many of the stories of things which happened there, for we went back often. Sometime, I want to take a lot of Girl Scouts of today to camp there!

Giving a May Breakfast

(Continued from page 18)

cloths have always been used. The dishes and silver have been obtained through the Council Members, from the various churches.

The serving of our Breakfast has never been a real burden because the committee have been experienced members of the Woman's Club and some of our older Scouts serve for an hour at a time. As a rule, the hour from seven thirty to eight thirty has been the busiest.

In the beginning, it was thought that the 'party breakfasts', with tables prettily and specially decorated, would be an attraction. But they proved unsuccessful because of the added demands upon time and labor.

Financially, our Breakfasts have always been a success. Last year, the food donations amounted to \$48.73 and the expenses to \$66.83. The surplus food was sold for \$16.85, so the cost of our Breakfast amounted to \$98.40, or about 21 cents a plate—for 450 people. Each ticket is sold, as I have said, for fifty cents. The supplies needed for 450 or a few more were:

Purchased

40 pounds bacon
12 pounds butter
20 pounds sugar
8 large boxes corn flakes
18 quarts milk
15 quarts cream
6 bars soap
600 napkins
Paper table cloths

Donated

Flowers
50 dozen rolls
3 cases of oranges
40 dozen eggs
40 dozen doughnuts
12 pounds coffee
30 glasses jelly
3 boxes oatmeal

Each year the Scouts have had a May Basket Sale. Some troops have made the baskets, others have made

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candy. And still others have gone out to gather spring flowers. The baskets filled with the flowers or candy have sold for as much as forty cents. One of the older group of girls has always been in charge of this sale. Last year, the girls made over thirty dollars.

About ten o'clock, after all have had their breakfast, the Scouts give a program, in a nearby park if the weather permits, or in a hall in conjunction with the Congregational

Church. The program has been a combination of the Scout opening-songs, perhaps some contest and awarding of badges, the welcoming of the May Queen and her Court, a dance about the May Pole, and finally the departure of the Queen.

We have always cleared several hundred dollars at our May Breakfast. And since our object has been to raise funds for a permanent camp site, we are happy today because that object has at last been attained.

Don't Starve The "Kiddies"

Stuffing them with indigestible foods may please their appetites, but it does not build perfect, robust bodies. There is more real muscle-building, bone-making material in

Shredded Wheat

Biscuits than in potatoes, eggs or mushy porridges—and the crispness of the shreds of baked wheat encourages thorough chewing, which means good digestion and sound teeth. Contains just enough bran to prevent that bane of all childhood—constipation. It is an all-day food, delicious for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner.

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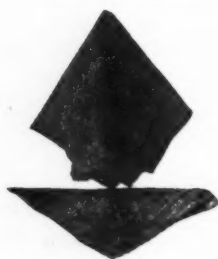
The Hecht Co.
7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

The Compass

From "Camping and Woodcraft"
by Horace Kephart

This instrument may not often be needed to guide one's course but it is like the proverbial pistol in Texas. Besides, it is useful in reading a map, and indispensable for route sketching. If you get one of the common kind with both ends simply pointed and the north one blued or blackened scratch B=N (Blue equals North) on the case. This seems like an absurd precaution, does it not? Well, it will not seem so if you get lost. The first time that a man loses his bearings in the wilderness his wits refuse to work. He cannot, to save his life, remember whether the black end of the needle is north or south. The first time I ever got lost in the big woods I was not frightened, and yet I did a perfectly idiotic thing: to hold my compass level and steady I set it on the thick muzzle of my rifle barrel! That made the needle swing away out of true. It was ten minutes before I thought of this, and tried again, with all iron carefully put aside. That shows what a dunderhead a fellow can be, even when he is fairly cool.

I wear the instrument in a small pocket sewed on my shirt for that purpose, so it fits, and attach it to a button-hole by a short, strong cord. A long cord would catch in brush. If the compass is carried in a large pocket it will flop out when you stoop over or fall down.



Be completely uniformed, even down to your handkerchief

Khaki uniform and hat, brown shoes and stockings and a khaki-colored handkerchief as the little touch that carries out the effect. Embroidered in brown, with the trefoil seal.

Linen, 40c. Cotton, 25c.

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"All I have to do is show the magazine. Every one likes it."—Gladima.

Gladima Scout Knows a Thing or Two

Gladima Scout
Met the Girl Scout
Ethel
Going to school.



"What's that under your arm?"
Asked Ethel, the Girl Scout.

"My new AMERICAN GIRL,"
Replied Gladima,
"It just came,
And I couldn't wait to see
What's in it, this time."

"Humph!" sniffed Ethel, "Humph,
Do you take that magazine?"

"I sure do. Don't you?"
Cried Gladima.

"No. Why should I?"

"My goodness," exclaimed Gladima,
Opening her brand-new April issue,
"Don't you like Ernest Thompson
Seton?"

"Of course."

"Well, look at this story, then.
And look at this serial by the Knives.
And look at all these pictures of Scouts
And look —"



"Let's see," cried
Ethel,
Grabbing the
magazine.
Yes, she did—
she grabbed!

"WHEEEEEEE!
This is a
peach.

Is every month like this?"
"Every month's better 'n better,"
Declared Gladima Scout.

"And listen, Ethel,
There're five thousand more
Girls taking it than there
Were last fall.
Girl Scouts know what they want
All right, all right."

"Say, Gladima,"
Begged Ethel, the Girl Scout,
"Lend me this
To show my mother."

"Sure pop," said Gladima,
"And say, Ethel,
You'll give me your subscription
To send in, won't you?
"I'm earning money
Getting subscriptions.
I earn money with
Every new one
I get."

"Yes, I'll give
it to you,"
Said Ethel.
"Cause I know
I'm going
to take it."



Making Fire by Rub- bing Sticks

(Continued from page 16)

I use octagon drills one half to nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and nine inches long.

The bark of a red cedar tree is preferable to all other substances for tinder. To prepare it, pound a piece of bark with a club into a fluffy mass; then the tinder remains together and does not blow into the face when a fire is being produced. Of course the tinder must be absolutely dry for speed work. Following are tinders in order of preference: cedar bark, inner chestnut bark, cottonwood bark, inner red elm bark, miscellaneous bird and field nests, crushed spruce needles, and beaten rope fibres. It is generally known that it speeds up flames greatly to put milkweed silk in the center of the pad of red bark.



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Canned Heat



Before you buy one—

You ought to know this about a raincoat

Girl Scouts are out in all kinds of weather. Rain can't keep you in! Before you buy a raincoat you want to be sure of one thing. Will it stay waterproof?

Official Girl Scout raincoats will, because they're Raynsters. Every inch of these coats is backed by layers of fine tough rubber.

Raincoat, sizes 10-20 \$7.50 sizes 40-42 \$9.00
Rain Capes, sizes 10-20 7.50 sizes 40-42 9.00

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trained expert. Art craft. Ideal family
camp with a mother as director. \$150
season of eight weeks. Apply to

MRS. MARGARET L. FOX
2 Abbott Street Danvers, Mass.

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Waynesville, N. C.

An ideal, outdoor summer, featuring riding, swim-
ming, sports, crafts, dancing, woodlore, plays, trips.
Excellent food, mature staff, A1 health care. Special
attention to individual needs. Juniors, seniors \$300.
Inexpensive outfit. NO EXTRAS.
Mrs. Frederic Myers, Jr., 520 E. 40th St., Savannah, Ga.

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Lake Woodbury, Monmouth, Me.

Join party of New York and Brooklyn
Scouts. Horseback, Canoeing, Swim-
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Handicrafts. Moderate rate. Booklet.

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One hundred acres in camp grounds.
Swimming, horseback, handicrafts, nature lore—
Minneha girls enjoy activities not found during
the school year under the companionship of experi-
enced Councilors.

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Mrs. Belle Abbott Roxby
Winter address
St. Petersburg, Fla. Hendersonville, N. C.

CAMP KIMOHO

for GIRLS, in
heart of Colo-
rado National
Forest. Boat-
ing, swimming, horseback riding, hiking,
gypsy trips to Estes Park and to
glaciers.

Gertrude Fitz-Randolph Currens,
Dir.

1445 Grandview Ave., Boulder, Colo.
Write for booklet and information.

LOCHEARN

Junior and Senior Camps for Girls on
Fairlee Lake, Vermont

Eighth Season. Careful supervision and
modern equipment.

Mrs. FRANK MANNING CHUBB
Maplewood New Jersey

Camp Weetamoo for Girls

New London, New Hampshire

Ninth Season. Number strictly limited.

Ages from 8 to 20.

References given and required.

For booklet, address

Miss FLORENCE E. GRISWOLD

Plymouth Street, Bridgewater, Mass.

Who's Who in "The American Girl?"

How proud we are of our April
contributors! *Ernest Thompson Set-
on*—every Girl Scout has long known
and loved that name. And how we
wish you could have been at Head-
quarters when he came to see us, to
talk about our magazine and give us
his good wishes for it.

Edna St. Vincent Millay—she has
written many other lovely poems, too,
which you will wish to read at camp
this summer. *Renascence and Other
Poems* is a book published by Mit-
chel Kennerly who kindly gave us
permission to give you "Afternoon
on a Hill."

Emilie Benson and Alden Arthur
Knipe—old and loved writer friends
of all of us. Here they are with a
serial written for us. They have writ-
ten many other interesting stories,
too. Ask your librarian. And renew
your AMERICAN GIRL subscription,
now, so you won't miss a single in-
stallment of *The Patriot Maid*.

Lou Henry Hoover—shouldn't
you like to go on a camping trip with
Mrs. Hoover, our National Pres-
ident?

Edith Ballinger Price—she writes
stories, she illustrates them herself,
she can "magic" Brownies, singing
and telling stories to them—and she
has made a lovely cover for us.

Don't forget that Mr. Charles
Smith's new book, *Games and Re-
creational Methods* (Dodd, Mead and
Company) will be published soon and
will be brimful of ideas for you.

Call the roll—answer Girl Scouts
in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and
Indiana. Step up, Local Directors and
Captains, too, and Miss Ann Hynes,
Regional Director in our Convention
Region. We wish to thank you all,
personally. You have sent us pic-
tures which have made us wish to
visit every one of you!



Edith Ballinger Price as she sees
herself

Coming in May! A play by our own Mrs. Edey

On Lake Winnepesaukee Wolfeboro, N. H. CAMP OWAISSA

For Girls 10 to 17 Years

Season 9 weeks—\$225.

All Land and Water Sports.

Counselors Positions are all filled.

Address for information and booklet

MRS. GERTRUDE M. STEVENS

8 Plympton St. Cambridge, Mass.

Camp Newfound

For Girls of All Ages

An unusual camp in a beautiful loca-
tion, on the shore of Long Lake,
Harrison, Maine.

Fifteen experienced teachers in charge
of water sports, field sports, team work,
horseback riding, aqua-planing, archery,
dramatics, hand crafts, orchestra, and
camp singing.

Camp is under Christian Science
management.

Booklet on request:

MRS. W. K. HORTON
18 Washington Place
Ridgewood, N. J.

CAMP JEANNE D'ARC

Superior Catholic Camp for Girls

Lake Chateaugay, Adirondacks, N. Y.

Horseback riding, canoe trips, swim-
ming, golf, etc. Also club for young
women 18—28 years.

Send for illustrated booklet to the Di-
rector RUTH M. ISRAEL, organizer.
1106 Girl Scouts in Catholic parishes.
117 S. 43rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WICHITEE

SEBEC LAKE MAINE

FOR GIRLS FROM 8 TO 18

A real woods camp with all the out-
door sports, including riding. Canoe-
ing a specialty.

Rate \$225. Booklet on request.

Ethel L. Sargent
Harriett M. Balcom, R.N. } Directors
1193 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

CAMP OPECHEE

GIRLS 8 to 16 YEARS

Lake in New Hampshire. Plenty good
food.

Swimming Basket ball

Boating Archery

Canoeing Tennis

Dancing Dramatics

Season \$150.00. Booklet.

37 Temple Place, Room 24, Boston, Mass.

MARICOPA CAMP

On Cape Cod, Mass.

Give your daughter this year the best
gift in the world, a summer in a real
girls' camp. Girls 8—15. All camp ac-
tivities. Number limited. Booklet.

MRS. GEORGE C. WOOD

451 W. Brighthurst Street
Germantown Philadelphia, Pa.

CAMP INTERLOCHEN

Interlochen, Michigan

"THE FRIENDLY CAMP" FOR GIRLS
Archery, Rifle Practice, Riding, Hiking,
Canoeing, Swimming, Sports, Arts and
Crafts, College trained Counselors.

MRS. P. O. PENNINGTON, Director,
160 Tuxedo Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
Rate tuition—8 weeks, \$250; 4 weeks, \$150
Season, July 2 to August 26.

PERRY MANSFIELD CAMPS

Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Recreational Camps Juniors 8-13.

Seniors 14-20. Top Notchers—older girls and women.

Horseback riding—swimming—tennis—basket ball. Normal and professional School. Classic dancing and related arts. Booklet.



CAMP ARBUTUS

FOR GIRLS 11-20 YEARS

Located on Lake Arbutus in Grand Traverse Bay region. Water sports, camp craft, nature study, crafts, photography, land sports, all under careful supervision. Tenth season. For booklet address

EDITH A. STEERE
Lock Box 147 Adrian, Michigan

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PENINSULAR STATE PARK

FISH CREEK, WISC.

Junior Camp 7 to 13. Senior Camp 14 to 18. Club 19 and over.

All sports coached and supervised. Horseback.

For information and booklet address
Mrs. F. W. Mabley Mrs. A. C. Clark
4905 Argyle Place, St. Louis, Mo.

Foothills of the White Mountains

CAMP ROBINSON

For Girls

Unusual equipment—Bungalows, Little Theater, Guest House, Garage. Skilled supervision of land and water sports. Limited number. For booklet address

MRS. H. F. JILLSON
137 Camp Street, Providence, R. I.

MILLS ADIRONDACK CAMP

On the Schroon River, near Chester-

ton, N. Y.

Girls 5-20 Years

Midgets, Juniors, seniors. Wonderful swimming, canoeing, classic dancing, tennis, hiking, picnics.

Directors
DR. and MRS. W. HOUGH MILLS
926 W. Genesee Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

MINNE WONKA LODGE

A Camp for Girls in the North Woods.
Three Lakes, Wisc.

In the heart of the Land o' Lakes. All usual camp activities, with special emphasis on canoe camping trips and all water sports. Write for booklet.

Mr. and Mrs. LESLIE W. LYON
Box 82-R2, Clayton, St. Louis, Mo.

CAMP NAIDNI—For Girls 10-21

Millerton—New York

Ideal Camp 100 Miles from N. Y. City. Instruction in swimming, diving, canoeing, archery, outdoor basket ball, "camp kinks," handicraft. Hiking and gypsy trips a specialty. Season 8 weeks \$150. Per week \$20. For catalogue, apply to

MRS. W. F. BRITTEN
Box 755 Mt. Kisko, New York

CHAMBERS ISLAND

Camp for Girls

3000 acre island. Ideal bathing and boating. All camp recreations. Experienced counselors. Write

Mrs. Edward J. Barrett
222 Michigan Ave.

Sheboygan

Wisconsin



Our Hartford Scouts in their gardens

Your Very Own Garden

Your own garden—are you planning it now for your back yard? Or have you thought of a troop garden in a vacant lot or field such as Hartford had last summer? Or why not a camp garden like Rochester's?

Troop gardens

"In laying out our troop gardens at Garvan Field in Hartford," writes Miss Helen D. Perkins, "we first worked out a plan on paper. We planned for a central path starting from our little house and going on to a flower garden at the end of the field. Cross walks at intervals were to separate the individual plots. To each of five troops was assigned a plot of ground ten feet by five. Each troop's plot was theirs to plant as they wished. The High School gave us left-over packages of United States Government vegetable seeds which were supplemented by lima beans and swiss chard presented by the Girl Scout organization."

A camp garden

Garden help from Agricultural College neighbors—this is what our Rochester Scouts have. "For our camp is really a farm," writes Rochester's Local Director, Miss Margaret Harris, "and we run a garden entirely cared for by the Scouts under the supervision of a Garden Counselor from the Agricultural College of Cornell University. Last summer, after the middle of July, this garden gave our camp two fresh vegetables a day besides potatoes. Every Scout works half an hour a day in the garden."

Ask Uncle Sam's gardener

And here is a letter from Mr. Reuben Brigham, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. telling us that he will be pleased to help the Girl Scouts with their gardens. He will send you bulletins.

He suggests for all interested Scouts the following which will be sent upon request: The City Home Garden, Farmers' Bulletin No. 1044; The School Garden, Farmers' Bulletin No. 218; Home Gardening in the South, Farmers' Bulletin No. 934; The Farm Garden in the North, Farmers' Bulletin No. 937.



A Dainty Useful Gift

This Pretty Wreath. Any Initial and full name in script type with indelible ink and pad for marking linen.

50 CENTS

RICHMOND STAMP WORKS
8 Ionia Ave., S.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Our Convention meets in Chicago April 29-May 2



On Schedule

Things go snappily at camp, and all on schedule. Work time, play time, rest time, meal time,—how can you keep up with the procession unless you have a watch? Official Girl Scout radiolite watch tells time accurately and tells it at night, too, by its luminous face. Save up your money, \$4.50. Order from

National Supply Department
189 Lexington Ave., New York City

Bulbs of all Kinds

Vegetable Seeds

Flower Seeds



Roses and Vegetable Plants
in Season at

Herrmann's Seed Store
140 East 34th Street, New York City

GENUINE INDIAN MADE

BASKET, BLANKETS

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Get Corner Your Pictures—In an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

5 Styles **Art Corners** 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Guide, Easy, Artistic, No Waste, No Fuss way to mount Kodak Prints, Graflex and Brownie Camera Pictures, etc., on anything, anywhere. A time binder too and comes in 127, 250, 500, 1000 and 2000 prints.

10¢ Buy 100

Dept. 470 N. Dearborn, Chicago

Is there a pink or green slip in your magazine this month? It says "Renew!"

Medals awarded in December 1923

All applications for Golden Eaglets should have on them the original registration date of the Scout. A Scout must have been registered for three years, in addition to having her Medal of Merit, before getting this award.

GOLDEN EAGLETS

Madelon Sanford, Tr. 2, Flint, Mich.
Celida Howard, Tr. 18, Rochester, N. Y.
Mary Ferris, Tr. 8, Knoxville, Tenn.
Elvie Manley, Tr. 5, Knoxville, Tenn.
Elizabeth Skeen, Tr. 2, Decatur, Ga.
Marie Samson, Tr. 26, Toledo, Ohio.
Laura Strunk, Tr. 1, Gainesville, Fla.
Laura Givens, Queens, N. Y.
Iris Boulton, Tr. 1, Evanston, Ill.
Clara E. Craymer, Tr. 97, Philadelphia, Pa.
Edna Karston, Tr. 18, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. Esther Brundage Williams, Tr. 14, Syracuse, N. Y.

Dorothy Nicoll, Tr. 13, Jersey City, N. J.
Mary Riviere, Tr. 2, Columbus, Ga.
Ruth Whittredge, Tr. 2, Lynn, Mass.
Mary Howard, Tr. 1, Newton, Mass.
Laura Macomber, Tr. 1, Wellesley, Mass.
Frances Levering, Tr. 13, Lafayette, Ind.
Mary Lee Cambre, Local Director, Alexandria, La.

SILVER LIFE SAVING MEDAL

Elaine Arnold, Tr. 110, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ethel Allen, Tr. 2, Middlesboro, Ky.

CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION

Adelaide Bickford, Rochester, N. Y.
Ruth Kohler, Rochester, N. Y.
Rhea Talcott, Akron, Ohio.
Ruth Rohner, Akron, Ohio.
Mary Alice Smith, Akron, Ohio.
Margaret Hochberg, Akron, Ohio.



Come to Camp Andrée this summer

Camp Andrée Clark is a camp for Girl Scouts of 14 or older who are interested in becoming Girl Scout leaders.

Situated in the heart of beautiful Westchester County, and only 30 miles from New York, it can be easily reached by train or motor.

The Camp is run on the patrol system, with each patrol in its own delightful encamp-

ment. Life is lived almost entirely out-doors.

Below the tents on the hills is a beautiful lake, offering opportunity for swimming and boating, with instruction and supervision.

Rates—\$10 per week.

Of special interest to Girl Scout leaders is the Third National Girl Scout Training School, June 2-20.

Send for Circulars to

National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, Inc.

189 Lexington Avenue

New York City

For Your Fairs and Bazaars

SELL CANDY FOR US

Liberal profits. 30 days in which to send us our share of the proceeds. Express prepaid from Fitchburg, Mass., to any point in U. S. east of Syracuse, N. Y., and north of Philadelphia, Penna. Liberal express allowances elsewhere. Candy absolutely fresh. Shipments usually same day order is received. **FOR MIDDLE WEST:** We have special assortments to ship from Chicago, Ill., prepaid for approximately 300 miles.

\$24 Easily Earned

Upon order of your captain we will send an assortment of 60 boxes of bars (24 bars to a box) to be sold for us—all 5c bars of standard well-known makes including SCHRAFFT, LOWNEY, BEICH and other makes, fresh and delicious. Sell them in 30 days. Send us \$48. Keep \$24 profit. This profit is clear unless you are outside our prepaid zone. Give reference.

We also send smaller lots, 25, 40 or 50 boxes on similar terms at proportionate prices.

You can order from this advertisement or send for circular. Prices quoted are subject to change.

Address ALL MAIL to
FRED D. LESURE COMPANY
Wholesale Confectioner
FITCHBURG, 16 BROAD ST., MASS.

KEEPS FURNITURE LOOKING NEW

Don't let grime, smoke stains, finger marks and scratches, make your furniture look old before it's time when 3-in-One will keep it new looking all the time.

Do this: Wring out a cloth in cold water. Add a few drops of 3-in-One. Wipe furniture, wringing out cloth frequently. Dry and polish with a woolen cloth or a cheese cloth, rubbing always with the grain of the wood. This removes unsightly marks and stains, and brings again the first new, beautiful look. Also use

3-in-One oil



to make a fine dustless duster. Or oil your sewing machines with it. Rub it over bathroom fixtures and see how clean they look. 3-in-One is sold in drug, grocery, hardware, housefurnishing and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.), 50c. Also in Patent Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these, we will send you one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.

FREE—A generous sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary. Write today.

Three-in-One Oil Co.

165 Broadway, New York

You can do what Betty did. See page 3

GIRLS! BIG STAMP BARGAIN

ALL FOR 10c—1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small pocket album, 1 stamp wallet, 250 hinges, perforation gauge and millimetre scale, 1 triangle stamp, packet rare stamps from Abyssinia, East Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., etc., and price lists—ALL FOR 10c and 2c postage to approval applicants only.

PIKE'S PEAK STAMP CO.

BOX 215, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

GIRL COLLECTORS ATTENTION!

Weber's Special Offers.

6 Different Triangle Stamps.....	10c
19 German Mourning Stamps.....	6c
50 Fine Luxembourg.....	50c
1000 Mixed, Mostly Foreign.....	25c
100 Hungary.....	25c
50 Pictorial French Colonies.....	25c
50 Nice Portuguese Colonies.....	40c
100 New Europe.....	25c
100 Bavaria.....	35c
Best Grade Hinges, 1000 for.....	15c

A big album, that will hold over 3000 stamps, 200 World Wide stamps, 1000 hinges and a free special packet, all for 70c postpaid.

14 Varieties Ukraina free with 50 per cent approval applications.

ELWOOD D. WEBER

Everything for the Stamp Collector.
1377 PARK AVENUE PLAINFIELD, N. J.

F R E E—Two Sets of Nyassa

Also

20 Different British Colonies

Barbadas and Jamaica pictorials and a packet of hinges all for a request for my 1, 2 and 3c net sheets, also at 50% Disc't. None better.

CHAS. T. EGNER

4821 FRANKFORD AVENUE
Frankford, Phila., Pa.

100 NEW EUROPE FREE All different to approval applicants sending 2c for return postage.

H. H. ANNELINK CO.

2410 Prairie St. Milwaukee, Wis.

Free, Unused German Set, Approval Selections

Pre-War Value, Millions of Dollars.

Sent to Approval Applicants at 66% Discount

Reference—Scout Membership sufficient.

J. deJong, 516 West 162d Street,
New York, N. Y.

WONDER PACKETS

1000 Different Stamps	\$1.50
500 Different Stamps50
25 Varieties, French Colonies.....	.10
25 Varieties, British Colonies.....	.10
25 Varieties, Portuguese Colonies.....	.10

FRANCOIS E. DESSERT

172 State Avenue
Dept. A.G. Fall River, Mass.

Gladima Scout says: "It's
fun to collect stamps."

Stamp Collecting

By WILBUR F. CANNON

If you would care to have any questions answered in regard to stamp collecting, write to Wilbur F. Cannon, 1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, Iowa, and we shall try to be of help to you. If you have any stamps which you would like identified, send them to us, and we shall be glad to help place your stamps for you. They will be promptly returned to you. A booklet, "How to Collect Stamps" will be sent to Girl Scouts who request it. There is no charge for these services, but postage for our reply should be enclosed.

We have said many times that one can learn history from stamp collecting. Two South American countries have just issued stamps which tell of history. Brazil has issued a Commemorative stamp, depicting the entry of the Brazilian Army into Bahia, on July 2, 1923, and Uruguay has issued three commemoratives in the middle of last October, to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Sarandi, depicting an allegorical figure sword in hand, leading a dog of war. In 1925, when the World's Fair will be held in Philadelphia, the United States government will issue stamps to commemorate this event.

Last month we told you about the new million and billion mark stamps from Germany. The highest issued was the twenty billion mark value. Letters to this country have been received with EIGHT HUNDRED BILLION marks on the envelope. You can figure out the face value, before the war, at 23 cents per mark, if you wish. Possibly the German printers ran out of zeros, to attach to the end of the denomination. Anyway, Germany is now issuing stamps with "5", "10", and "20" as the denominations. The designs are the same as the billion values, only there are no zeros, on the front figure, and the stamps do not state in what currency they are issued. Just the figure, a little ornamentation, and the words "Deutsches Reich". It is understood that these stamps are issued in the new currency, the rittenmark.

"N. A. E." asks us, "What are surfaced colored stamps?" These are stamps the paper of which is colored on one side only (the face) previous to having a postage stamp designed printed on it. Most surfaced-colored-paper stamps are scarce and the large majority of them are increasing in value each year.

I R E L A N D

These stamps are going to prove quite scarce, as they were issued in limited quantities. The following collections are exceptional offers:
Two different, scarce Irish.....10c
Six different, scarcer Irish.....15c
Ten different, rare Irish.....35c

G E R M A N Y

The new million and billion values are out! The following are all unused:
One, two, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred MILLION mark value, ea. 10c
Five hundred million and one billion mark value each 15c
Or, the ten different stamps for..... 50c

C O L L E C T I O N S

All the following come from every part of the world, and each stamp is "worth while":
50 different.....10c 200 different.....20c
300 different.....35c 500 different.....50c
1000 all different, catalog value \$20—\$25, \$1.75
Larger packets, up to 20,000 assembled to order.

Every stamp we sell is guaranteed genuine, and the prices quoted are postpaid.

With every order we will include without additional charge a coupon good for \$1 worth of stamps, free, and our wholesale price-list.

WILBUR F. CANNON AND CO.

1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, 5, Iowa

Have You Them All? In 1923 over 1200 dif. stamps were used. My approvals contain many of the hard to find stamps.

By mentioning "The American Girl" you may select free ten of these stamps for your collection.

EDWIN CHOATE EATON

Auburndale Mass.

DANZIG STAMPS FREE

Fine Set Stamps from Independent State of Danzig, with price list of Canadian Stamps, and large Catalogue of Packet, Sets, Albums and Supplies, Free for 2c postage.

MIDLAND STAMP CO.

Station A 6 Toronto Canada

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR

STOVINK

THE RED STOVE REMEDY

Manufacturers
JOHNSON'S LABORATORY, INC.
Worcester, Mass.

Make\$19 Per 100 Stamping names on Key checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions to G. S. KEY-TAG CO., Cohoes, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING and Piloting attachment works on any machine—\$2, with instructions. A. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles FREE. ALGS SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

INDIAN GOODS

Mexican cowboy, hair hatbands \$2. Large eagle claws \$1 per dozen. Thousand Indian articles. Catalogue 10c.

INDIANCRAFT G. S. CO.

466 Connecticut
Buffalo, N. Y.



SONGS

Ballads, comic songs, novelty songs, coon songs. Clean, catchy hits that everybody likes, full sheet music with beautiful covers. Send for free catalogue. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash St., Dept. 216 CHICAGO

The Girl Scout Convention April 29-May 2



Effective April 1, 1924

Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.50	Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	\$15.00	yellow, cardinal, black, and yellow.		
	38-42	4.00	Serge	34-42	37.50	Black Silk		\$2.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.50	Hats, Officer's	7½-8	3.75	Puttees, Women's sizes		3.00
	38-42	5.00	Hats, Scout.....	6½-8	1.50	Girls' sizes		2.00
Skirt	10-18	2.00	Canvas Leggings, Pair.....		1.00	Sweater—Slip-over type	34-40	6.50
	38-42	2.50	Web Belt	28-38	.60	Coat type	34-40	7.50
Bloomers	10-42	2.25	Leather for officers..	28-38	2.50	Waterproof Coats, sizes	10-20	7.50
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			Middy—Official khaki.	10-40	1.75	sizes	40-42	9.00
Khaki, light weight.	34-42	7.00	Neckerchiefs, each		.40	Waterproof Capes, sizes	10-20	7.50
			Colors: Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale			sizes	40-42	9.00

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x * Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.15
Gold		\$0.20	Silver		\$1.75	x * Thanks Badge	
Silver		.15	Bronze		1.50	Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.25		x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00		Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25		x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50		Gold Filled (safety catch)..	\$0.75
x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			New plain type.....	.15
x * Community Service25		10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00		Old style plain pin.....	.08
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50						

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15		x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20		x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)50		x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15
Cuff Links, pair.....	1.25						

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		Piano edition	\$0.60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Piano Edition.....	.30		Midget Size05
First National Training School	.25		Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04		Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Girl Guide60		Lots of 10 or more.....	.03		Onward10
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15		Goodnight15		To America25
			Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05		Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags (continued)		(x) Troop Pennants	
Size	Material	Price		Price		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70	Flag Set	\$1.25	Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50	Includes:		Staffs	
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50	1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
3x5 ft.	8½ inches	4.50	6-ft. Staff		G. S. Emblem....	\$6.50
(x) Troop Flags			1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	4.90
Size	Material	Price	web carrying case		1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.40
2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.50	Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not		G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.60
2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.00	jointed60	Eagle Emblem—separate	2.50
3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.50	Semaphore Flags (extra), per		Spear Emblem—separate	1.50
4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.00	pair75	Flag Carrier.....	2.50

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol Register, each	\$0.15
* Blue Book of Rules25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25
Campward Ho!75	Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)15
Captain's Field Notebook	1.25	In lots of 10 or more10
First Aid Book—		Post Cards—	
General Edition50	Set of six10
Woman's Edition25	1 dozen sets	1.00
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Single cards02
Health Record Books, each10	Posters—	
Per dozen	1.00	Girl Scout poster (large)25
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.00	Girl Scout poster (small)10
Flexible Cloth Cover75	Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
English Girl Guide75	Single copies, each	1.00
* Introductory Training Course15	Signal Charts15
Measurement Cards05	Lots of 10 or more10
Ye Andrée Logge75	Scout Mastership	1.50
A Girl Scout Pageant50	Troop Management Course75
<i>Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard.</i>		Troop Register	2.00
* Punched for Field Notebook.		Additional Sheets	
		Individual Record03
		Attendance Record03
		Cash Records, 603

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.50	Poncho (45x72)	\$3.25
Belt Hooks, extra05	" (60x82)	4.50
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.00	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50
Bugle	3.50	10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00
Braid— $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, yard10	Rope, 4 ft. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.15
x Buttons—Per set25	Lots of 5 or more, each10
10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets	2.75	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt50
Camp Toilet Kit	2.25	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25
Tin	1.50	Aluminum Case50
Compass, Plain	1.00	Scout Stationery50
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-1150
Cuts—		Sun Watch	1.25
Running Girl	1.00	Transfer Seals, 2 for75
Trefoil75	Thread, Khaki spool15
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.25	Per dozen spools	1.20
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra50	Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.80	Long Coat Uniform65
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
Large size	1.65	1 Pair Lapels	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		1 Spool of Thread	
Linen40	1 Set of Buttons	
Cotton25	Two Piece Uniform80
Haversacks, No. 1	2.75	1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
No. 2	1.50	1 Skirt Pattern	
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	1 Pair Lapels	
x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide35	1 Spool of Thread	
Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide55	1 Set of Buttons	
Knives, No. 1	1.50	No make-up sets for middies and bloomers	
No. 2	1.00	Whistles30
Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
Mirror—Unbreakable25		
Patterns—			
Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215		
Norfolk Suit, 34-4225		

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

Girl Scout National Supply Department

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City



Along The Editor's Trail

Today, when I went to my bedroom window, a gentle breeze reached in and lightly brushed my cheek. I leaned out into the sunshine and far away, I heard a robin caroling. That joyous early morning song of his which always tells me he is happy to be up and flying through the fresh, clear air.

"Spring," I said, "I am a Girl Scout and I am glad you have come again. I like you, Spring. You discover all my fairy places and give them new magic for me."

There is a little trail which is mine.

In amongst the trees it winds, dancing through bushes, scooting under rocks, yet never quite losing itself from me. Down, down a steep hill it goes, leading me to rushing water and a falls where a million rainbow drops fling themselves riotously through the air to the stones and pebbles below.



I followed you, little trail, this winter. I slipped along your winding way with laughter. With my warm woolen gloves, I touched the branches of your rhododendrons and their stiff green leaves, curving down like the roofs of small pagodas. I loved your snow, little trail. And your whiteness. And your quietness. And the green-blue ice by your falls.

But now that Spring has come, I shall follow you again. I shall breathe the loveliness of the pink and lavender blossoms resting on your branches from which the stiff little pagodas have vanished. And looking up into your trees, I shall be glad for your young leaves and your singing birds.

Little trail, I shall come to you, this Spring.

There is a little log hut which I love.

High on a hillside, I come to it breathless, never entering through its rough door till I have turned and looked back across my valley, with its patches of fields and forests and its blue-gray hills meeting the sky.

There is a fireplace in my hut and

there, on a winter's night, with the fire crackling and the sap sizzling in the logs and the flames leaping up the stone chimney, I have listened to the wind and the snow against the windowpane. And I have gone to the door and opened it and have said good night to the stars, glistening cold, far, far above me.



And I have shut the door again, glad for snow and wind and cold stars. But glad, too, for blankets and a fire.

But today, Spring is calling me to my little hut. Slipping through warm, moist earth, I shall trudge up to it. Before its door, I shall turn to find my valley bright with green and upon its hills and its fields awakening something of living things.

When night shall come, I shall again say goodnight to the stars, reaching up my hand to them, so close they seem in the soft twilight. Turning back to my fireplace, I shall light one small log for old friendship's sake. But I shall not close the door of my little hut.

I want the breezes which Spring brings to her valleys and her hills to find me, too, in the night. If I should wake, I want to look out at the moon, swimming in blackness and the stars, still near enough for me to touch. And in the morning, I shall be hoping a bird will fly before my open door, that I may drowsily wonder how it would feel to be a bird and know the trails of the sky.

Little hut, I shall come to you, this Spring.

There is a little canoe that I love.

Dry in its barn, it has lain this winter. In its barn it is today, proud in a bright red new coat of paint. You need not wait long now, little canoe. Soon I shall be sliding you from the dock. Soon I shall be slipping my paddle into the water to swing you about toward—you know where, little canoe! Yes, toward our favorite inlet!

Turn, turn, turn, no, don't hit that rock, little canoe. Why do you always

shoot out toward it? It has always been there. You know that. There! That's right. To the grassy bank of our fairy island, where you and I may lazily drift. Lightly, lightly. What is time to us, with the sky blue above us and the water lap-lapping against your side!

On the shore, over across, yellow jewel weed blossoms will be looking at themselves in their lake mirror. When the wind dies down and everything becomes very still, there will be other blossoms deep down by the rocks at the bottom of the shallow water. I shall think to paddle across and dip in my hand to touch the yellow blossoms, so exactly like those above.

But I shall not paddle across. For you and I know, little canoe, that if we were to touch them they would vanish instantly. No, I shall lie back, hoping my Maryland yellow-throat may come twitting out on the branch above me. You think it a trifle early for him to be here, you say, little canoe? Well, perhaps.

But surely, no matter how far away he has been this winter, he will come back to our fairy island, where the grass and the ferns and the bushes are so tangled together. Where weeping willows trail their lacy green hair into the water. Where the sun always touches the tallest trees with his last slanting goodnight rays. And where no one ever steps, not even I.



Little canoe, I shall come to you, this Spring.

Late this afternoon, when I went to my window, a gentle breeze reached in and lightly brushed my cheek. I leaned out into the sunshine and far away, I heard a robin caroling. That joyous evening song of his which always tells me he is happy to have been alive, this day and (did I know it?) that it may possibly rain tomorrow!

"Spring," I said, "Lovely Spring, I am a Girl Scout and I am so glad that you have come again. You discover all my fairy places and give them new magic for me."

Begin Now to Raise Money for Camps and Summer Vacations

Sell the Famous Mason, Peter's and Nestle's Bars



A Fine, Rich and Satisfactory Milk Chocolate



Fresh Coconut, Vanilla and Bitter Sweet Chocolate

You Need No Capital to Start — We Allow You 30 Days Credit

All we ask is the names of two references. Order should be in the name of the captain.

Everybody likes candy. Friends and families of your troop would rather buy from you than from a store, for your candy will be fresh from the factory. Your girls can get their trade merely by asking for it and in this way they can build up a business that will bring in big profit for the troop fund.

When the case of candy reaches you (by express prepaid)—we suggest that you gather your troop together and work out together the details of selling it. Thousands of churches, schools and societies have made big profits by selling our candy. You can do the same.



THREE ASSORTMENTS TO CHOOSE FROM

	50 Boxes No. 1	25 Boxes No. 2	12 Boxes No. 3-12 Bxs.
Selling Price (\$1.20 per box).....	\$60.00	\$30.00	\$14.40
Cost to you, Express paid (80c per box)	\$40.00	\$20.00	\$10.00
Your Profit	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$4.40

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

BYLUND BROTHERS, INC., Woolworth Bldg., New York City
CONFECTIONERS TO CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES

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Dear Sir:

Please send to me, express prepaid by Bylund Brothers, Inc., the assortment that I have marked. I agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival.

Boxes	Description of Candy	Selling Price	No. Pieces in a Box
1—	Peaks—Fresh Coconut covered with Chocolate	5c	24
2—	Mason Mints—Peppermint Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate.....	5c	24
3—	Golden Fleece—Caramel, Fresh Coconut covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
4—	Torcs—Toasted Peanuts covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
5—	Honey Bunch—Coconut, Raisins, Bran, Honey & Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
6—	Khufu—Coconut Cream covered with Chocolate	5c	24
7—	Cherry Bomb—Crushed Cherries & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
8—	Mason Wints—Wintergreen Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate.....	5c	24
9—	Almond Nougat—Almond & Nougat covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
10—	Almond Parfait—Caramel & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
11—	Black Crow—Box of Candy Drops with Licorice Flavor	5c	24
12—	Ban-Anna—Bananna Paste & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
13—	Masonilla—Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
14—	Trumpets—Pineapple Jelly & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
15—	Nestle's Almond Bar—Toasted Almonds and Sweet Milk Chocolate.....	5c	24
16—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar.....	5c	24
17—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar.....	5c	24
18—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
19—	Nestle's Almond Bar (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
20—	Nestle's Almond Bar.....	10c	12
21—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar.....	10c	12
22—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar.....	10c	12
23—	Peter's Almond Bar.....	10c	12

Make Your Own Selection.

References—

Name—1 Address

Name—2 Address

Signature of Captain..... Address



Come Out to Meet the Spring and in a New Uniform

Doesn't spring call you to take to the road again? And isn't there something in the air that makes you want new clothes as fresh as spring itself? Your spring Scouting program just demands a new uniform.

How free your movements are in the good brown khaki, with its sturdy outdoor color. It is built for walking and hiking and all outdoor needs.

Order now and be ready for spring. Our Supply Department has them. Ask your Captain which style is official for your troop, whether it is the short coat suit or the long coat dress. Be sure to get a hat and neckerchief to make your uniform complete. (And have you a knife and whistle?)

Order by size.

Long coat dress.....	Size 10 to 18, \$3.50	Size 38 to 42, \$4.00
Short coat suit	Size 10 to 18, 4.50	Size 38 to 42, 5.00
Hat		Size 6½ to 8, 1.50
Neckerchief (for colors see price list)		0.40

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

189 LEXINGTON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY

